

SIL GAN

1981



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SLOGAN



1981

BRANKSOME HALL
10 ELM AVE.

EDITORIAL

A school yearbook is a clear representation of school life and is subjected to the ideals of and from the student body. *Slogan* '81, we hope is a vivid photograph of the memorable events and spirits of Branksome.

As in most things, there are traditions that must be kept up in our yearbook, however without a certain amount of change, the repetition becomes monotonous and almost a facsimile of past yearbooks. Thus, we made many changes and variations in style, layouts and design. We hope that many of these changes will be recognizable and acceptable.

We removed the idea of separation between the Junior and Senior schools present in other yearbooks, and combined both Junior and Senior activities throughout the book. We felt that the small section given to the Junior School in past years did not adequately represent their contribution to the Branksome community. The link between the two parts of the school has been much stronger than previous years and indeed more of a visible sign that the overpass itself.

Because the book comes out in June it is difficult to include Spring happenings. In past years, many Spring write-ups have been mere speculations. We decided to eliminate speculations as a yearbook should be a record, not a guess of all events and happenings during the year. For this reason we added

1980's Spring events and divided the book into seasons.

Many people are unaware of the fact that most schools are governed by either a clan (house) system or a class (year) system. Branksome has both. In past years, class pictures have always been taken. This year we decided to substitute larger, formal identified clan pictures for class pictures, and added to the directory the name of the clan each girl belongs to.

The other changes that have occurred on a smaller scale are the combined efforts of this year's editors, Margy, Sarah, Sheila, Paula, Vicky, Kirsten, Hope, Rebecca, Jenny and Mrs. MacGregor, who have gone to the extremes (chicken boullion, coffee and tea, cabbage, dry curd cottage cheese, celery, lettuce, fruit, excuses for missing dinner, bagels, muffins, parent-teacher trays, ice cream, peanut butter and jam raids, a.m. pizzas, bottles and O.J., Betty and sleeping bags) to bring you their version of 1981.

I hope that this edition of the *Slogan* will not be just another yearbook. Thank you Cathy, Maureen, Sheila Rae, Fiona, Helen, Laurie, Jill and especially Margy.

Sue Farrow



Slogan Staff from Left to Right:
Top Row: Rebecca Upjohn, Hope Humphrey, Paula Doyle, Margy MacMillan, Sarah Ondaatje, Sue Farrow. Bottom Row: Vicky Bassett, Mrs. Gray, Mrs. MacGregor, Mrs. Roe, Cathy McHugh. Absent: Sheila Coulter, Jenny Gillespie, Kirsten Munro.

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TENNIS

Once again the tennis team showed a great deal of potential. Although it was a short season, we all managed to have fun. Between the weather and our exams it was difficult to partake in various tournaments, but our determination and great coaching from Miss Riggin allowed us to win the Raggedy Ann tournament against various other schools.

Mrs. Bedard coached four girls, Trish Heward, Judy McClure, Vicky Bassett and Natalie Buchanan, to enter the preliminary try-outs for O.F.S.S.A. in Brantford, Ont. Vicky won the singles division, and Natalie and Judy placed 2nd in the doubles division. All three qualified for O.F.S.S.A., although only Judy and Natalie represented Branksome as Vicky had an injury. We would like to thank Mrs. Bedard for all her time and help. Good luck in the future, Branksome, and may all your loves be to your advantage.

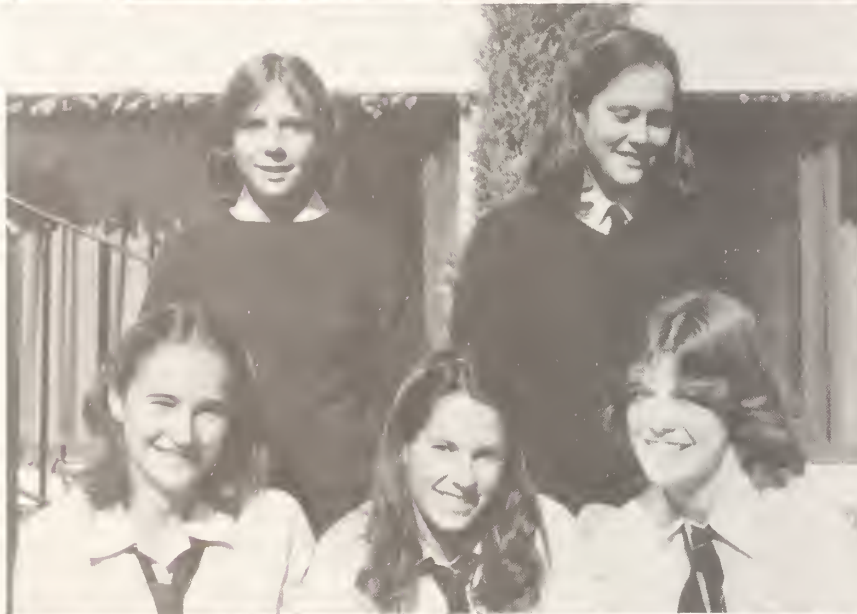
Natalie Buchanan

Tennis Court Oath - June 20, 1789.

At the beginning of the French Revolution, there was a dramatic act of defiance by representatives of the non-privileged classes of the French nation. The deputies of the Third Estate had formed, on June 17, a National Assembly. Finding themselves locked out of their usual meeting house at Versailles, they moved to a nearby tennis court. There they took an oath never to separate until a written constitution had been established for France.

Paula Doyle.

13's: Cindy Mitchell, Stephanie Buchanan, Stacy Costa, Adrienne Grant, Jennifer Kitchen. 14's: Jill Wigle, Heather Montgomery, Laura Loewen, Sally Pitfield. 15's: Muff Cathers, Suzanne Long, Judy McLeish, Beth Burrows, Kathryn Montgomery. 16's: Vera Lo, Leslie Catalano, Natalie Buchanan, Tracy Dalglish.



BASEBALL



Although the baseball season was short, our team played exceptionally well at all of the games. We showed the other schools our great skill and determination by winning The Raggedy Ann Tournament. Unfortunately, we were not as successful when we played B.S.S., although the game was close.

The season was great for the whole team. Special thanks should go to Mrs. Shaver for all the help she gave us and for the grateful lifts after long games.

Dana Bett

13's: Annabelle Fell, Cathy Fullerton, Tori Hackett, Megan Long, Laurie Nichols. 14's: Diana Lowrie, Beth Burrows, Wendy Lawes, Isobel Calvin, Anne Hardacre, Jane Connor, Kyle Carmichael, Nancy Bird, Katie Corbett. 15's: Susan Mitchell, Jennifer Scace, Karen Grant, Maggie Hermant, Cassandra Roncarelli, Katie Rae, Sarah Teskey, Jennifer Lewis. 16's: Lori Caree, Cassandra Roncarelli, Kathy Stinson, Gwen Baillie, Jacqui Atkin, Lisa Botrie, Martha Allan, Bonnie Barnes, Lisa Beer, Liz Burrow, Sheila Buchanan.

Captain: Lisa Botrie
Coach: Mrs. Shaver



A: Now, . . . we have Who's on first, What's on second, I Don't Know is on third.
C: That's what I want to find out.
A: I'm telling you. Who's on first, What's on second, I Don't Know is on third.
C: Well all I'm trying to find out is what's the guy's name on first base . . . Abbott and Costello.



TRACK AND FIELD

This year the Track and Field team was more victorious than ever before! We successfully held the Toronto District Track and Field finals, and, five girls: Jane Horner, Sarah Wiley, Alison Wiley, Kate Wiley, and Darcy Bett qualified for O.F.S.S.A. These five girls made up the five-man Branksome team that won the overall Girl's trophy in the Ontario finals. Kate Wiley, in the Senior Women's division, placed second in the 3000m, and second in the 1500m races. Alison Wiley, in the Junior Women's division, placed first in 1500m, and second in the 800m races. Sarah Wiley, in the midget division, placed ninth in the 1500m race. Darcy Bett placed first in the javelin event and Jane Horner did extremely well in the hurdle events. Congratulations are due to these girls; Branksome was proud to be represented by them.

All members of the Track and Field team went through hours of gruelling training with Mr. Wright and Mr. Payne from Upper Canada College, but the hours paid off. Personal bests, school records, and even provincial ones were broken during competitions, and we were victorious among the Private Schools.

A special thanks is due to Mrs. Kizoff and the Upper Canada College coaches for their hours of help and encouragement.

Track Team Members: Centre left picture on opposite page. Top: Wendy Wilson, Darcy Bett, Kate Wiley, Sue LeFeuvre, Sheila Ross. Bottom: Sarah Wiley, Alison Wiley, Tessa Griffin, Mary Doran, Laura McElwain.



Photo credit to Denis Gibbons, The Burlington Post.



1980 SPORTS DAY

They stood anxiously at the starting line waiting for the gun. Boom! They were off like a shot! Sports Day had begun.

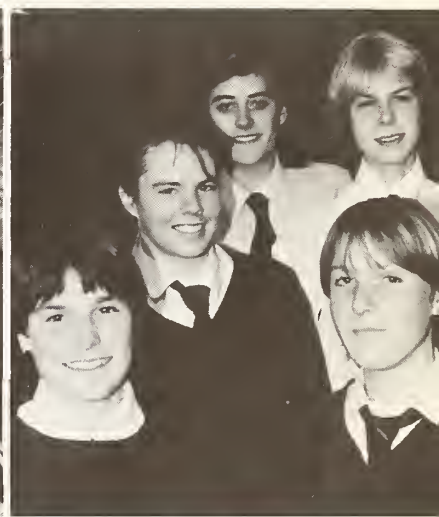
Branksomites, both spectators and participants, flocked the field waiting for their events in their green bloomers and white gym shirts (and of course, their Slogans)! Some spectators even watched from trees.

Mrs. Kizoff, Mrs. Jennings and Sheila Buchanan had everything arranged. All the events went smoothly. Sandy Palmer flew her antelope legs over the high jump to become the overall Senior Division Champ. She also excelled in the sprint and long jump.

Lisa Beer, with her amazing speed, managed to catch the overall 80-meter sprint trophy.

Everyone tried really hard. From the baseball throw to the 400 metre run, Branksomites competed in every event showing great sportsmanship. We all hope that this year's Sports Day will go as well as 1980's.

Sue LeFeuvre



ST. ANDREW'S MARCH

Every spring our brother-school marches from Rosedale Park to St. Paul's Anglican Church on Bloor St. As they pass Branksome Hall, the Battalion leader orders, "Eyes to the right," and they salute and acknowledge Branksome's past, present, and future.

They are in regimental dress; they look distinguished. Their kilts are red and match the colour of our Prefect's kilt. There are 12 Prefects standing in front of the school, and 8 clan banners brightly blowing in the wind. There are green kilts there, too, and the pride that we all have in this occasion will be remembered forever.



THE SPRING

The Synchronized Swimming Club's contribution to the annual Arts Festival is the Swimarama. The Swimarama, held last May, was a success. Few people realize how many hours of practice are needed to put into a show. Participants are both Junior and Senior School students and they compose their own solos, duets, and trios. There were two routines that deserve special recognition; that of the senior team, and

The Drama Club ended a successful year with their spring productions of "Passacaglia," "Arsenic and Old Lace," and the musical, "The Boy Friend." "Passacaglia" went on to place in the Metro Finals at Hart House Theatre with C.K. Purks winning the award for the best actress.

"Arsenic and Old Lace" was an adventure. Comedy filled the room for two hours on two consecutive nights.

Last year's fashion show turned out to be a great success for everyone involved. A lot of hard work went into it by students in Grades from 9-12. The show was in May and from September until then, there were many busy people in the textile's lab.

The show was organized and produced by the Grade 12 Fashion Arts Class. The fashion director was Alison Adams and the stage director was Judy MacGowan.



ARTS FESTIVAL

Andrea Whiteacre's solo that captured the audience's awe. Andrea did most of the choreography for all the routines.

Special thanks are due to Mrs. Lumsdon for all her help, time and patience because the show's success depended upon her.

Mary Morden

Thanks are due to Susan Herold who did an outstanding job on the scenery and to Gwen Baillie who put her time and effort into "The Boy Friend" and made it one of the best musical productions Branksome has ever seen.

Signy Eaton
Andrea Duncan

The setting of the show was taken from the interior of a New York hotel.

As probably would occur in any fashion show, there were last minute tramas. These ranged from last minute hems to running pantyhose. Thanks to everyone that survived.

Judy MacGowan



DOCU-DRAMA

The grade 12 Dramatic Arts class researched, wrote and produced the 1980 docu-drama based on Broadway in New York City. All the ideas and scripts were written by the Drama class and were based on facts.

The class was very talented. Bindu and Maureen entertained the audience with their fancy footwork and Andrea demonstrated her musical ability. She also choreographed the concluding Jazz routine. Signy, Heather, Laurie, Sheila, and Laura sang and acted well. Sandy acted famously in her two scenes as well. Brook was the director and Tracy was the production and stage manager. Thanks are due to Mrs. Smith, the adviser.

"The musical is one of those things that makes New York New York. Take away the musicals and Broadway is just a couple of side streets."

Tracy Dalglish



"Would you like to dance?"

"No thanks."

"Oh. Can I get you something from the Rotunda?"

"Sure."

"Coming?"

"Yup."

The food was great. The punch was amazing. Spiked? I hope not, the teachers had some. Kate Wiley and Jill Palmer did a good job with the food.

Sheila Coulter did a great ticket design; the tickets looked really good. They must have, for Sue LeFeuvre did a great job as a salesman. Did she sell three or four? It must have been death of a salesman.

The dance contests and hoola hoop contests went over well. The winners of each were deserving of the honor.

The disc jockey was not all that bad. He was able to vary the songs of his six records reasonably well.

I think the people that showed up had a good time. At least, I hope they did.

"Would you like to go out?"

"Sure."

"Great."

Happy endings for all.

Beverley Hicks-Lyne

P.S. I hope this year's grade 12's have better luck with their dance.

After being inspired by the famous Zolten and Eunice skits in prayers, many of us dared to make the devastating phone call, extending an invitation to the B.H.S. Formal. Next on the list was to write a correct acceptance to Miss Roach's invitation. For many unlucky people this step was repeated quite a few times.

Despite all these terrifying and careful preparations, the dance proved to be a great success. It was held on March 1st, 1980 at the RCYC Carleton Club.

Many Branksomites and their dates could be seen dancing on badminton courts - what an experience. We boogied, waltzed and polkaed to the orchestra sounds of "The Canadians," who played everything from Muzak to Donna Summer.

The styles included Laura Ashley, Laura Ashley, and the ever popular Laura Ashley, and the black tie did wonders for the school boys.

The dance was a lot of fun and we all had a great time. As the dance came to an end, people dispersed to their cars to drive to the unforgettable breakfast parties. Lets do it again next year, okay?!

Kathryn Montgomery and Lisa Carroll

Last year, in May, the Perfects and Clan Chieftains held the year's only open dance. They were well organized due to the incredible force of C.K. Purks, who was in charge.

The theme for the evening was based on the idea of a European holiday. The grads had a French cafe in the Rotunda, and smaller tables set up outside as well. The gym was decorated with posters and student-painted murals of scenes of Europe.

The dress code was also original, and everyone was asked to be "white, bright, or tight." Most people did follow this code, and there were incredible combinations of bright colours in all shapes and sizes making the evening more colourful and fun.

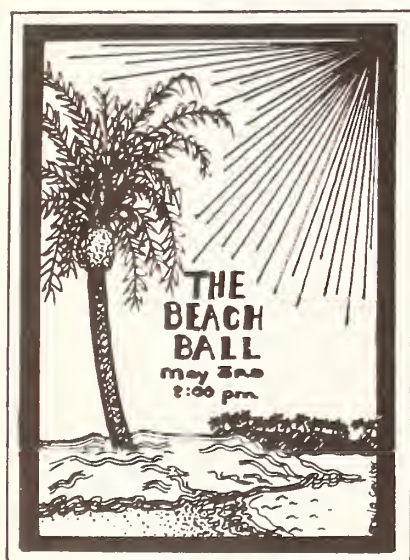
The music for the event was supplied by a disc jockey. There was a wide variety of music, satisfying the varied tastes of most of the dancers.

Throughout the night, there were slide shows made up of all sorts of slides of different European holidays.

We all will remember the Prefect's Rock Lobster skit, and it was obviously enjoyed as the last song of the evening was "Rock Lobster."

The dance was a great success and the evening was enjoyed by all.

Victoria Graham



*Miss Allison Roach
requests the pleasure of your company
at the Branksome Hall Formal
at the RCYC Carleton Club
on Saturday, March first
at 8:30 o'clock*





DEEP RIVER 1980

On Sunday, April 20th, the grade 13 and part of the grade 12 Physics and Chemistry classes boarded a bus and headed for Deep River, Ontario, and the nuclear reactor.

After a long bus trip we arrived in the blooming metropolis of downtown Deep River and the hotel. We had the night off to walk the main strip; the favorite hangouts were the one and only snack shop and the movie theatre at which we all saw the movie "Ten."

We were up bright and early the next morning for a long but fascinating day at the reactor. Our guide succeeded in making most of us understand how the reactor works, and cleared up some of its controversial issues for us. We then all went back to our bus and headed for our new hotel in Quebec. We then had another wild night on the town, except this city was big enough for all of us to go in a different direction and not run into each other - a refreshing change from Deep River.

On Tuesday, 22nd we toured the Parliament buildings in Ottawa, and listened to Mr. Crombie speak on some important issues of the time. It was an extremely interesting and informative trip.

Thank you, Mrs. Davidovac and Mrs. Shaver.

Martha Allan



The Grade 12 Art, Drama and Geography Students Field Trip to New York City.

Taft Hotel, city landscapes tour, "New York Experience", Empire State Bld., Guggenheim, MOMA, Broadway, back-stage tours, Roosevelt Island, World Trade Centre, Lincoln Centre, SOHO, Greenwich, Harlem, (tours), "They're Playing our Song", "The Fantasticks", United Nations seminar, 5th, 6th and 7th Avenues, Bloomingdales, Canal Jeans, and Fiorucci, La Guardia, Kennedy, Night Life, warm weather, exciting people and places, hot dogs in central Park, "The Personality of a City", Radio City Music Hall, Palace Theatre, "Elephant Man", SOHO Artists studios, interviews with professionals, rare chances, learning through doing, and a lot of fun.

Special thanks to:
M. Simpson, S. Bell and B. Smith.

1980 PRIZE DAY LIST

General Proficiency in Junior School

Grade 1 . . . Alison Borrajo	Grade 2 . . . Amanda Hopkins
Grade 3 . . . Michelle Fortnum	Grade 4 . . . Jennifer Griffiths
Grade 5 . . . Anne Roe	Grade 6 . . . Lisa Gelinas
Grade 7R8 . . . Pamela Snively	Grade 7R9 . . . Susan Van Wynen
Grade 7R10 . . . Sarah Wright	Grade 8R3 . . . Geneviève Perron
Grade 8R4 . . . Laura Nichols	Grade 8R7 . . . Olivia Sampson

Grace Morris Craig Prize for Art in Grade 7 . . . Shuno Baird

Alexandra Ward Bursary for Music . . . Heidi Ambrose

Special Recognition of Outstanding Achievement by a Grade 8 Student in Grade 10 French . . . Geneviève Perron

Public Speaking: Grades 1, 2, and 3 . . . Alana Smith

Public Speaking: Grades 4, 5, and 6 . . . Pippa Aird

Ann Bayliss Cup for Public Speaking . . . Bridget Young

Religious Education in Grade 8 . . . Karen Hervey

Bone Memorial Prize for French in Grade 8 . . . Olivia Sampson

Contribution to the Junior School Debating Society . . . Catherine Adams

Stephanie Telfer Memorial for School Enthusiasm . . . Patricia Zing

Alumnae Prize for Outstanding Contribution to the Junior School . . . Olivia Sampson

Essay Competition

Grades 5 and 6 . . . Emily Long

Grades 7 and 8 . . . Alison Dalglish

Ontario Scholars

Jill Adams	Lisa Bate
Karen Chisholm	Teresa Fiseher
Leslie Gorwill	Lise Hafner
Julie Ho	Julia Knight
Margaret Lawson	Catherine Le Feuvre
Victoria Pinnington	Tricia Purks
Joy Waldie	Jennifer Winsor
Beatrice Wong	

Medals

The Lieutenant Governor's Medal for Scholarship in Grade 8 . . . Jane Leekey

The Ruth Caven Memorial Medal for Scholarship in Grade 12 . . . Kate Wiley

The School Medal for Scholarship in Grade 13 . . . Jill Adams

The Governor General's Medal . . . Catherine Le Feuvre

The Jean Hume Memorial for Leadership . . . Tricia Purks

Grade 13 Subject Prizes

The Helen L. Edmison Memorial Prize for Biology . . . Julia Knight

The Elizabeth Kilpatrick Memorial Prize for English . . . Jill Adams

History . . . Lise Hafner

Geography . . . Mary Giles

Mathematics . . . Beatrice Wong

For Ability and Enthusiastic Interest in Science and Mathematics . . . Karen Chisholm

Physics . . . Catherine Le Feuvre

French . . . Catherine Le Feuvre

Chemistry . . . Julie Ho

Economics . . . Jennifer Winsor

Family Studies . . . Anna Van Straubenzee

The Hélène Sandoz Perry Prize for Art . . . Lisa Bate

Grade 12 Subject Prizes

Family Studies . . . Natalie Buchanan

Fashion Arts . . . Petra Baldik

Mathematics - The Dorothy G. Phillips Prize . . . Annie Chee

Chemistry . . . Susan Quaggin

French . . . Kathleen Slater

English - The Jennie E. MacNeill Prize . . . Kirsten Munro

Latin . . . Kate Wiley

Physical Education and Health . . . Kate Wiley

History . . . Tracy Dalglish

Geography . . . Susan Hcroid

Class Cup for Participation in Activities Throughout the Year . . . JIR10

Clan Awards

Junior School . . . Robertson
Fraser Award to the Chieftain . . . Allison Huycke
Senior School . . . McAlpine
McLeod Award to the Chieftain . . . Margaret Kemp

Athletic Awards

Junior

Darcy Bett	Jennifer Huycke
Cassandra Roncarelli	Pam Smith
Sarah Teskey	Jill Wigle

Senior

Sheila Buchanan	Margaret Gooderham
Laurie Gunton	Hope Humphrey
Margaret Kemp	Alison Wiley

Art - The Pippa Harris Memorial Prize . . . Maureen Dempsey

Service to The Kaleidoscope . . . Margaret MacMillan, Amanda Palmer
The Dorothy Misener Teskey Bursary in Family Studies . . . Mary Morden
Contributions to Music . . . Victoria Pinnington
Loyal Co-operation in the Residence . . . Jacqueline Fitzgibbon
Library Service . . . Anna Van Straubenzee
Service to the Debating Society . . . Katie London, Bryn MacPherson, Kirsten Munro
Service to the Drama Club . . . Jane Moës
Service to The Slogan . . . Suzanne Dingwall, Margaret Lawson
Service to the Beta Kappa . . . Catherine Le Feuvre
Service to the Ophleo . . . Jacqueline Atkins
Progress . . . Kristen Wilby
The Edgar Gordon Burton Memorial Prize for Personal Achievement . . . Margaret Kemp
The Jennie E. MacNeill Prize for Citizenship . . . Molly Falconer, Margaret Gooderham
The Carter-Ledingham Prize for Outstanding Contribution to the Senior School . . .
Tricia Purks, Lise Hafner
The Loewen Ondaatje McCutcheon Prize for Encouragement of Love of Scholarship . . . Jill Adams

Essay Competition

Grades 9 and 10 . . . Shiona MacKenzie
Grades 11, 12 and 13 . . . Cynthia Walker

Sports Prizes

Junior School Activity Awards

Heidi Ambrose	Katherine Fullerton
Adrienne Grant	Victoria Hackett
Allison Huycke	Laura Nichols
Catrina Padmore	Olivia Sampson
Dana Warren	

Badminton

Junior Singles . . . Katherine Fullerton
Senior Singles . . . Paul Doyle

Swimming

Under 11 Champion . . . Gigi Hull
Junior Champion . . . Heather O'Connor
Intermediate Champion . . . Susie Garay
Senior Champion . . . Andrea Whiteacre

Tennis

Junior Singles . . . Cynthia Mitchell
Senior Singles . . . Vicki Bassett
Senior School Doubles . . . Vicki Bassett, Janet Ondaatje

Sports Day

Under 11 Champion . . . Adrienne Grant
Junior Champion . . . Susan Andrus
Intermediate Champion . . . Darcy Bett
Senior Champion . . . Lisa Beer
Open 80 Metre Sprint Champion . . . Lisa Beer

Creative Arts

The first thing he did that afternoon when he walked through the front door was to kick the cat. It was not just a kick of frustration but one of sheer malice and hatred. The cat ran off yowling and he smiled.

The second living thing he set eyes on in the house was his wife. Restraining the impulse to kick her too, he scowled. She asked him pleasantly, but fearfully, how his day had been at work. He knew she was just being kind but for some reason he detested her for her kindness. He noticed that she was wearing a new dress and that she had had her hair done. Was this her feeble attempt to please him? Stupid woman!

He felt the delicious desire deep in the pit of his stomach to torment her, and so he told her that she looked awful and asked her why she had not got rid of that old dress ages ago. He could see her heart sinking and he smirked inwardly at his success.

He walked towards her. She shrank back. He put his hand out to touch her hair and demanded where she had got the money to pay for such a pointless extravagance as a hair appointment. She flushed. He struck her and then wished he had not. Now that he had struck her he could no longer torment her in such a satisfactory manner because she would only start to cry and nothing frustrated him more than a stupid woman's tears.

She was crying anyway. She knew her tears frustrated him he was sure. Now she was the tormentor. He could not bear it. Suddenly he was angry, angrier than he had ever been before in his life. He liked this anger; it gave him a feeling of power but he did not think too much of the pleasure for that would lessen the rage.

He stormed into the kitchen. She just stood there. He pulled out the sharpest carving knife. Another tear molded its path down her cheek. He swept back into the room and saw her standing. She did not look scared anymore; she did not even move. Her indifference was like a catalyst to his fury and he stabbed her again and again.

When she lay at his feet he smiled. Now he could torment her as much as he liked and she would never cry.



Kirsten Munro
Grade 13

FROZEN WITH FEAR

There is something about loneliness and the isolation of darkness that disturbs me. I feel I am imprisoned by mysterious forces which I am unable to see.

I lie in my warm and comfortable cushioning bed, with a yellow blanket pulled up to my chin. My head sinks into the soft material on the pillow. I begin to think of what might unexpectedly appear out of these mysterious forces that surround me. I wait and wait but nothing has yet come. All of a sudden the stillness of the night is disturbed by a soft distinct melody. I look around but I cannot seem to find its source. I listen more attentively now as the music becomes more eerie within my room. I dare not move for my instinct tells me the black force is too strong. I now set free my imagination as I am in another world. My eyes begin to wander about the room watching ever so closely. My eyes stop. A black figure, the shape of a human, is projected on my wall. I begin to shake and tremble but after taking a deep breath I calm down again. My muscles are aching from being in a frozen position so long. What has caused me to react like this? I suspect it is a fear that everybody experiences. But is it really? It could be that it only happens to me. I became so frightened that I felt I was losing my sense of reality.

Then the rays of yellow light streaked with sparkles of gold enter my room. I cannot believe it! The rays of yellow light are actually pushing the black force out of my window and into the pale brilliant blue sky. I watch as the defeated force is pushed away above the clouds.

I fell asleep.

Alison Dalglish, Grade 8
Junior School Prize Essay

HEAVENLY HELL

White sun
Red clouds
Blue grass
Green sky

Praying birds
Flying nuns
Swimming soldiers
Fighting fish

Violent laughter
Hilarious rage
Meandering child
Bawling brook

Floral scented sausage
Fat-laced flowers
Tough jam
Sweet steak

Dying to live
Living to die.

Sheila MacMillan

Sea Wind And Shuffles

Blowing, waves and crest,
Bow is smooth and swift.
Currents strong, a headwind,
Flapping sail, it's windy.
Port side dip, heady,
Cool, strong easterly wind.
Swift, falling rain,
Torrents, piercing, hard.
Moving clouds, clear sky,
Smooth sailing, free.



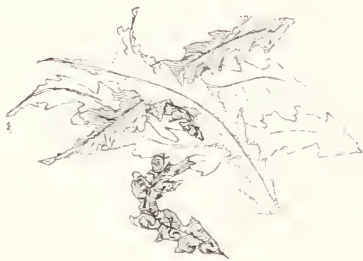
SIAMESE CAT

The thump it makes when it runs up the stairs is plainly heard from my bedroom. In order to attract attention it sinks its long claws into the rug and the noise made when it extracts them annoys me. Then it emits the traditional Siamese yowl, guttural, deep and ear-piercing.

My cat measures the distance between the ground and my bunk bed with its eyes before arriving on the dressing table. The contents of the dressing table are soon scattered by my energetic friend. The bunk bed makes a creaking noise as it jumps from the dressing table. This strange animal walks halfway down the bed before sinking down, shedding and purring. I pull the covers over me and appear to take no notice of the visitor because I know that if I dare pat it for too long I will be scratched.

The cat, giving up in disgust, continues its elegant procession down the bed. She will soon jump off and probably try to tempt my mother to feed her.

Eleanor Dingle, Grade 7



SCHOOL DAYS

We go to Prayers every day.
At recess we go out to play.
Then comes Music, French and Math,
The kind of work we do in class.

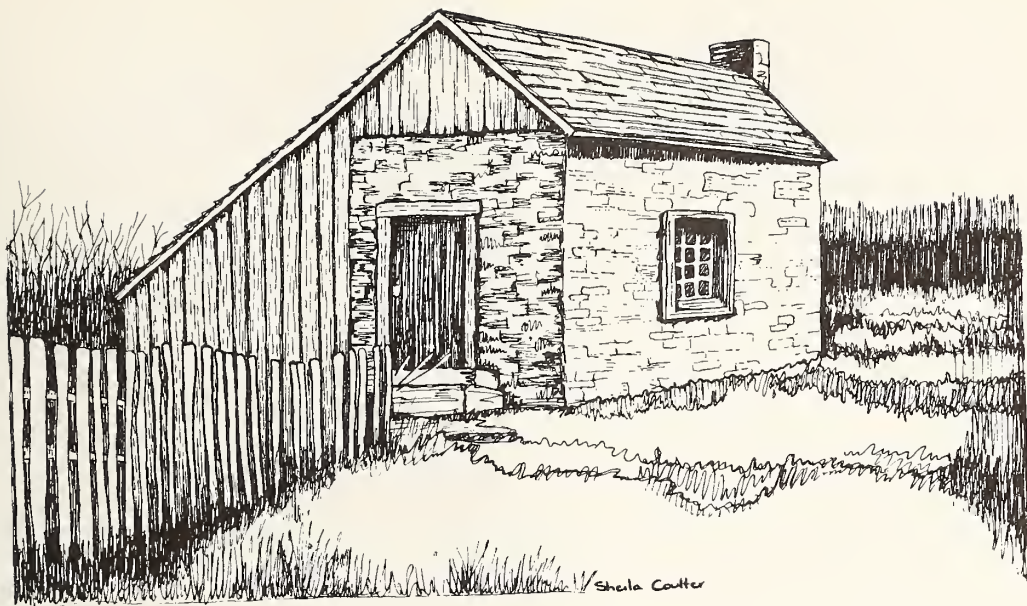
Mandy Hopkins, Grade 3

A ROTTEN DAY

Unfortunately I woke up late this morning.
Fortunately my Mom drove me to school.
Unfortunately I got to school on the bell.
Fortunately there are two bells.
Unfortunately I forgot my lunch.
Fortunately there is a cafeteria at school.
Unfortunately I didn't have any money.
Fortunately I can charge it on my account.
Unfortunately I was late for gymnastics.
Fortunately so was everyone else.
Unfortunately I forgot my gymsuit.
Fortunately someone had two.
Unfortunately it didn't fit.
Fortunately the other one did.
Unfortunately I went last to show my coach.
Fortunately I could practise longer.
Unfortunately my Dad was late.
Fortunately my friend waited with me.
Unfortunately I got to bed late.
Fortunately it was Friday.

Shawna Cass, Grade 7





SPRING

Silent streams.
Prancing ponies.
Rompng raccoons.
Intelligent insects.
Nice narcissus.
Grand guppies.

Katie MacNaughton
Grade 6



A
fir
tree
standing
all by itself
was taken away
because of bad health.
Poor
poor
tree.

Avery Bassett, Grade 6

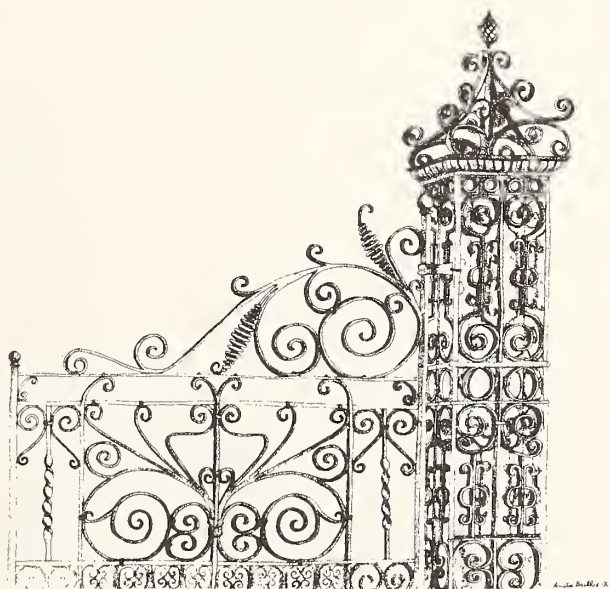
JUNE

I just can't believe it;
It's happened at last!
School's finally ended,
The time really passed.

The last day is over;
The minutes ticked by.
The classroom is empty.
Hurray for July!

We're free for the summer,
The beach and the pool.
It's hello to baseball,
And good-bye to school!

Brigitte Kopas, Grade 6



The background of the page is a soft, out-of-focus photograph of autumn leaves. The leaves are in various shades of brown, tan, and gold, with some showing distinct veins. They are scattered across the page, creating a textured, seasonal backdrop for the text.

AUTUMN

Cold autumn winds blow.
Summer leaves, now red and gold,
Fall slowly to rest.

Namrita Kohli, Grade 6

SEASONS ARE BRIGHT

Winter is cold.
The wind is bold.
Seasons are bright,
In the summer light.
Spring is warm,
And the bees swarm.
Fall has trees
With rusty leaves.

Tracy Hyba, Grade 4

THE WIND

The wind blows in circles,
Blowing the fallen leaves around,
Blowing anything in its path away.

Adrienne Soles, Grade 6

A PERFECT JEWEL

The raindrop,
A perfect jewel soon to be lost.
Leaves rustle, some fall.
The wind whips through the fields;
Then there is silence.
Last drops linger and fall from
The velvety petals of roses.
There is the scent of lost happiness
And joy.

Kari Taylor, Grade 7

THE SEAL

So sweet.
So soft.
So lovely.
So tender,
But why so
Extinct?

Aldine Belsham, Grade 7

BALLET DANCERS

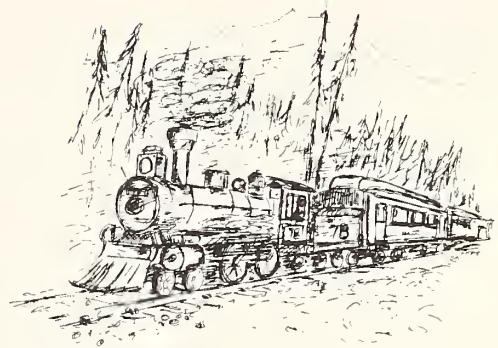
Magnificently graceful dancers,
Who balance beautifully on their toes.
With rainbow ballet outfits
That glisten and glimmer and sparkle
Like a midnight star
Twinkling in the sky.

Janet Anthony, Grade 7

MOUNT PLEASANT

Old Mount Pleasant is in repair,
And everyone is in despair.
It makes traffic very slow.
Everyone gets mad you know.
I come another way
So I won't be late
On a very special date.

Wendy Tidy, Grade 3



THE ODD BEAST

His coat is tattered, worn and old.
His hair is all messed up.
He watches his land with button eyes,
And yet he never moves
Except when he sways in the wind.
His arms and legs are tied
To keep his insides in,
And yet he never complains.
The weather beats him
And the only shelter he has is a flimsy little hat
And yet he stays outside.

Stacey Hervey, Grade 7

DEWDROPS

Dewdrops
Glistening, clear
Melting fast away
Ephemeral beauty of morning
Tears of happiness.

Gigi Hull, Grade 7

GREEN

The school uniform is dark green;
It can easily be seen.
When walking and talking the Branksome girls
Sing and do some funny twirls.
In our uniform we dance and scream,
And we always eat ice cream.

Samantha McLaren, Grade 3

As lazy as a hippo,
but lively at night.
Some people say
I have bat man eyes.
What am I?

Heather Manley, Grade 7

THE END OF WINTER

I have existed here, in the core of the earth for an eternity. Still, there is no escape for me. I lived in perpetual darkness, searching for an escape - for better things. I had an endless supply of books left to me by my ancestors but I had read them all and they lay upon their dusty shelves crumbling with age. Stories of gnomes, elves, wood nymphs and fairies shone so brightly in my imagination that I became blinded to the comforts of reality. My mind reached for better adventures than those in books but none were available to my numbed body. My soul grew listless and my brow feverish with an endless quest for hope hidden deep in the walls of my cold, dark cell. The nights I sleeplessly endured had no day and soon my eager hopes gave way to bitter despair. My wearied fingers no longer pressed on the rock of my cell walls.

With the disappearance of my last shred of eagerness, came the realization that reality was not unbearably harsh. Reason returned. Perhaps I could discover a reward for my persistence, but it was not likely to be found through panic. Methodically, I searched my dwelling once more and this time fortune was with me. I beheld a sliver of light silently flickering. With a throbbing heart I touched the stone and it rolled away with enough grinding to wake my ancestors from their well earned sleep. Beyond was a stairway - a stairway that shone silver and blinded my eyes. I blinked and stepped back. Though the dust crept into my throat and choked me, as fingers would silently steal across a neck, my vision was cleared and salvation found.

Slowly, I began to ascend. Surely, this was an odyssey of my own! I grew dizzy and faint as I rose higher. My dwelling, far below, seemed heart-warming to me now and I looked longingly downwards. How nice it would have been, sitting among my ancient treasures and dreaming of great white knights. The stairway spiralled endlessly upward as I clambered over each step. How long had it been since I stopped and rested? The echoes knew not, for time had stood still since I had entered the hidden staircase. Yet, I heard a rushing and whispering above me which told me that life was not so far away. I

struggled steadily to go on. Ah! I had reached my destiny! I need not live beneath the earth anymore! I need not perish, forsaken by all! Here lay the key to my future! It was a door.

Cautiously, I touched the handle. Then, with a soaring of spirit, I flung it wide! Pain - a searing pain darted through my eyes! I cried out and covered them with my hands. Slowly, I peered out between my fingers, allowing my eyes to adjust. Before me stood the towering trunks of mighty oaks. They seemed sinister to me and I trembled as I crept through the bush. Here, in this forest was where I first saw the moon, evilly gleaming through the leaves. The night was clouded by a mist that seemed to pour from the trees themselves and as it thickened I lost sight of my only friend.

Quickly walking through the frightening jungle I glimpsed a bright light in the distance. I was hungry and alone, lost and searching for company. I eagerly walked towards the light. Friendship was a comforting thought as I stumbled in the darkness.

Suddenly, I was in a glade of a most beautiful green. I praised my ancestors for allowing me the privilege of seeing a different world. As I tore through the remaining undergrowth I was startled by the quick absence of trees. I had reached my goal! Surrounded by darkness was the open window of a large cabin. Strange sounds came within and I hurriedly went towards it! I could explain my predicament and ask for food and shelter! Within the cabin were a thousand sights and smells; I just had to go in!

Softly, I opened the door and walked in, nervously grasping my sleeve in a trembling hand. The gust of warmth felt good on my long numbed face and I smiled. As I started to explain to these people who I was, they began to scream and run away! They threw things at me and hurt me with wooden frames! I was terrified! Then, in a nearby corner, I saw why these people were so violent. They were not angry with me! There was a hideous creature entering and they were frightened. Fascinated by its glaucous eyes glowing intensely, I moved towards it. It seemed to be pulling me closer. Oblivious now of the terrible screams, I reached out to it. Hesitatingly, it too held out a grey rotting tentacle and I touched it. It was cold! - colder

than the walls of my cell! Then a thought struck me with full force and I ran. I ran far away; I ran endlessly through the night back to my cell.

I lay panting on the cold floor, shuddering and sobbing. That ugly beast had instilled such fear in me that I dared not venture out again. I knew. I knew why I had been released from my dungeon and I knew why I had returned to this dark world.

My odyssey ended. My life ended with the one piece of knowledge that I had. I had touched a mirror.

. . . The gryphon drifted through the forest as if enchanted. He was free from his prison now - free to haunt the darkness once more. A swallow gracefully climbed into the blue sky above. No one could walk through the Dead Forest any longer. The school children knew better than to come near. In fact, the whole village was superstitious to extremes during

this time. The old legends had not yet died out and so the shadows were left to roam at will.

The gryphon reached the Hidden Glade, ready to awaken the evils and stir up the mysteries of darkness. Deeply, it felt with its eyes into the globe resting on a silver perch. It glistened with early morning dew. The gryphon became entranced by the dark visions within the misted globe. Gently it rocked until the globe fell to the forest floor. It shattered like crystal into a million shimmering slivers. The gryphon did not worry. It was the end of winter and it could always conjure up a new one - now that it had regained its freedom. And the village knew more than the legends revealed.

Shiona MacKenzie, Grade 11
Junior Prize Essay, 1980



I'm
not
one
for
long
lines
of
love
poetry
because
I
know
that
love
can
only
be
written
not
felt
or
seen
in
long
lines
of
love
poetry.

Often
I
get
carried
away
with
long
lines
of
love
poetry
because
I
know
that
love
can
be
hard
to
read
in
short
lines
and
love
is
strange.

It's
too
hard
for
me
to
say
how
I
really
feel
about
you
in
these
long
lines
of
love
poetry
because
you're
so
much
shorter
than
I
am.

I'm
not
100 %
sure
if
you
are
ready
for
someone
like
me
or
not
but
I'm
ready
for
someone
like
you
to
be
ready
for
someone
like
me.

I'm
not
one
for
long
lines
of
love
poetry
but
I
love
you
as
much
as
I
would
love
you
in
short
lines
of
love
poetry -
only
more.

TIME

Once you asked me why she ran,
Yet she is running still,
And her determination wins
And dominates our will.
So why do we compete in such
A futile race of strife,
Which only ends up shortening
Her grip on our short life?

Martha Younger
Grade 12

A white ball
that bounces across the table
from one side to another,
tiringly monotonous,
hushing magically
in a gentle twirl,
like the thoughts
in my mind
that spin wildly
toward the far-away goal
of peace
and serenity
achieved by well-timed control
and the word of a true friend
who I thought
had been lost.

Sarah Ondaatje, Grade 13

Simonetta Lanzi



Though it seems just another day,
Once that minute has crossed your way,
It won't knock on your door again.

Simonetta Lanzi, 12R4

THE FOE

Silence seeps into my ears,
A blurred and rushing sound.
No need to hear the grating sea -
Such laughing silence spars with me.

Jane Moës

Memories flooding sharply in and tearing at the
tender flesh of my heart,
Rupturing the cool sanctuary of routine life and
hurtling me backwards.
It digs deep, twisting cruelly and I wince with
the pain of times remembered.
The jagged fragments of the past rush in and
break my controlled countenance.

My emotions burst and I run for safety.

Martha Wilson
Grade 10

POEM FOR A FRIEND

You
asked
me to write
you a poem
What could I say?
I thought you wanted to catch a star.
You smile but don't give me an answer.
I haven't figured you out yet.
I don't think you have
figured me out yet either
What can you say?
I don't expect
an answer - just a
smile. You can catch
a star. Here is
your poem.

Rebecca Upjohn, Grade 13



4/6 Eleanor Curie

EMPTY FRIENDSHIP

The rain continued to drizzle, as if trying to extinguish the burning lights of the neon signs. While sheltering under the canopy of a leather garment retailer, Richard tapped his foot impatiently against a grimy garbage bin. Oranges, pinks, reds and blues bounced emptily off the darkness of the crowded Avenue. Tom was twenty minutes late for their appointment and Richard was considering whether to enter the saloon alone or return to the subway unsatisfied. He glanced again at his scratched Timex and dented the bin with a last desperate swing.

Tom dodged under the canopy, hands in his pockets, grinning. Richard glared at him. "Did you bring your brother's identification?" was his solitary greeting. Tom's grin slid into a frown and, as he dropped his head to examine his stained Kodiacs, he mumbled a negative response.

"They'll never believe that you're eighteen without I.D.! I can pass because I look mature, but they'll think I'm baby-sitting you," cried Richard as he fingered his new mustache with pride.

Tom turned from him to contemplate the display window full of leather accessories but his attention was held by the electric reflection of the nude girls springing back and forth across the parlour windows on the opposite side of the street. "Facial hair doesn't prove your maturity level, especially your meagre collection," but Tom's voice was drowned by the obnoxiously loud stereo music of a black cruising car that rolled past the pair.

Richard knocked Tom away from the window with his shoulder. "If you don't want to come, don't. I'm going to go in now, alone or with you, it makes no difference to me," but Richard only continued to pace the distance under the canopy. Tom turned back to the window and pressed his hand against the cool glass desperately. He removed it, finger by finger, and watched the window consume the damp rings of his prints. He turned and faced Richard.

"Coming?" Richard was almost begging. Tom nodded unconvincingly and his friend's eyes lit up. Richard victoriously moved out into the crowd moving on the sidewalk, Tom followed. There he stalled, turned again and was lost in the mass. Grinning, Richard marched on towards the saloon.

Fiona Sampson

The harsh rays of the cynical sun smiled cruelly down on the dregs of emptiness. The light caught the tiny water drip-droplets as they performed acrobatic stunts from branch to branch, from bare limb to bare limb until they finally fell, exhausted and defeat-stricken only to form cohesive domes on the hell-hard, impermeable ground.

"What a sight," whispered Mrs. Carter under her breath.

The click-clickety-click of the small, sharp-nosed pebbles banging the underside of the car greatly contrasted with the quiet hypnotising burr-num of the engine. Roz sat rigid, straight-backed, straining forward, then sideways from her tightly drawn seat-belt as she attempted to devour the passing landmarks.

"How many more minutes till we're there?" she repeated again, inquisitively.

"About ten square miles, I'd say." The fire marshall directed his men in squads of four persons.

"C'mon. Get a move on, men." The ground underfoot was dead-dry. They rushed around in chaotic order. Dead shrubs crunched and cracked. The distant hiss of the flame became sharper and clearer as they drew nearer the scene.

The thick snake-black hose hissed too in a futile attempt to drown out the hiss of the dancing, devil-red flames. The water shot into the air.

"Is there a river there mom, huh, a water fall?"

"No, dear."

"How much longer? Look, over there, look at them all." Roz pointed to the goldenrod growing at the side of the road. The road became flat and straight - monotonous. Goldenrod grew alongside the road: goldenrod and goldenrod. Roz impatiently sank back into the blue plush interior. Her sparkling, star-bright eyes wandered back and around and she rolled her head from side to side.

"How come the dots on the roof make me feel like the roof's two inches from my head?"

"I don't know, dear. Look, we're almost there. See the hill just up ahead? The woods are just to the other side."

The car door slammed shut and Mrs. Carter stood motionless, eyes fixed on the bleak scene ahead of her. Roz sat in the back seat and fidgeted with the covering on the head-rests, while the harsh rays of the cynical sun smiled cruelly down on the dregs of emptiness.

Sue Farrow

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

It was drizzling when we arrived and the airport building looked a dirty grey from our window. We were exhausted and the sight of an armed guard did not lift our spirits. He gripped his machine gun and pointed it at us as he escorted us to the terminal.

Inside it was chaos. We were confronted by a wall of people's backs and found there were no organized lines to Passport Control - everyone simply moved when there was a space. Many travellers yelled across to let their families know where they were and the noise was deafening. The building was badly ventilated and it was very hot and stuffy.

It took us about two hours to get through and another two to find out who had travelled with the luggage. We were glad to get out and away from the odour and the hostile looks of the people who lived here.

As we were driving towards the city, our driver suddenly pulled over to the side of the road. Looking ahead I saw that all the other cars were doing the same, regardless of which side of the road they were travelling on. I asked the friend who had met us what was going on. He had only said "Zill" when a huge black car roared past us right down the middle of the street. Our friend explained as we moved out again. "That was an important government official's car. Everyone has to move over so that he can get to work on time." He spoke in a sarcastic tone but I was too little to understand.

We drew into the city soon after that and I began to look out the window with some interest. I was shocked at the uniformity of the buildings along the road. They were all the same style, the same colour, the same height. They stretched for rows and rows and rows. And then I noticed the people. They all stared at our average American car and they were also very similar, like the buildings they lived in, and the clothes they wore. They all wore dark colours except for a few fluorescent oranges and greens. When they saw me looking at them, they turned away. I didn't see one person laugh or smile the whole ride home. Policemen stood in the middle of the street with walkie talkies which I discovered were used to warn them of the approach of a government official so that they could clear the street of cars. We passed many long lines outside shops, not specialty shops, but everyday shops with bread and butter and eggs in the windows. It was a real shock - such a contrast to Canadian supermarkets.

At last we reached our new home - a small apartment just big enough for the three of us. It had been built from three average families' apartments and we were lucky to get it. We were so tired, we simply fell into bed. So ended our first day living in Moscow, the great capital of the equal.

Sky Lamothe

The sun is sinking in the west
The land has a golden hue
A white light is in the sky
Another day is through.

The wind is flowing across the land
Dying waves are in my ears
Shadows stretch their longing arms
I brush away the tears.

Darkness comes to claim the hours
All lives now slower are
Soon bright lights will reign the heavens
It never reaches so far.

Debbie Chambers
12R4



SIX

She stood out like a sore thumb on the conveyor-walk near Border Gate. Unlike the rest of the girls her age, she didn't have the checkerboard patterns of make-up on her face, and her clothes were simple. She was with a friend, coming from school with their report tapes in hand. She looked mournfully at the women about her and then at the forcefield wall which blocked from sight, sound and remembrance the male part of the population from the female. She sighed, wishing she was one of the lucky girls that got to cross the Border gate only to mate and come back again to keep the population going. If one of those women should happen to have a baby boy, he would be taken across the Boarder before he reached two days old and the men would look after him. The Central government just couldn't risk another population crisis like the one in '32.

Her friend was walking beside her, an earphone chord protruding from her long, dark hair and disappearing into her pocket as she listened to her report tape on her mini recorder. She was analyzing any possible reaction her mother could have and all possible denials and skin-saving rebuttals. Finally, she pulled at the chord and watched the self-rewind drew it into her pocket, then she sighed in discontent.

"Six, what did you get in 428?"

"Oh," she shrugged sheepishly, "I failed it again."

"How are you going to learn without Mathematics?"

"Well, I did at least get a 90 on 426!"

"You're always going on about that, Six. I swear your were born in the wrong time! A thousand years ago would do you well, wouldn't it?"

"Don't you think it would be great to live back then, Nine? Could you imagine perhaps a thousand years ago, in this very spot, a man and a woman stood together, and they were in love - real love! Their names weren't even categorized numbers! Could you imagine that Nine?!"

Nine thought for a minute. "No, not really. The whole thing sounds rather disorganized."

Six looked over at the border with resentment. "I hate it here!" she said, quietly, but furiously. She looked at Nine. "I wish I could just . . ."

"Oh, no you don't! The last time you tried to cross

the Boarder you were nearly killed! Not again!"

Six sighed. "They say that the men have gone back to the old Earth customs."

"You know the women are doing better! Our minds are more scientific and we're more industrialized and advanced. We're the ones that keep the population stable!"

Six looked up through the protective transparent dome at the murky brown sky and dismal orange sun.

"They say that the men have a clear blue sky and a bright yellow sun - just like hundreds of years ago."

"Who ever heard of a blue sky?"

"You haven't been listening in the 426 class!"

A long silence followed as they rode the conveyor to the interchange right beside the border. Hopping off, Six looked again longingly at the wall, ten metres away from her, as they waited for a place to stand on the East - going conveyor belt.

"I think there's a space coming up . . ." Nine said as she turned to Six, but Six wasn't there. With a last thrust of determination, Six had dropped her tape and had run for the wall.

"Six, no!" Nine screamed, running after her and looking for help. But no one seemed to notice; the police wouldn't even look. It was too late anyway. Nine had only taken two steps when she saw Six run right into the wall and disintegrate into millions of particles with one zap.

Hanging her head, not wishing to see the purplish smoke her friend had created, Nine tried to make herself believe what had just happened.

She knew she couldn't mourn for then she would hate the place as much as Six. That wouldn't do.

Taking Six's tape, she pulled out her pocket recorder, placed in the tape, thought for a moment, then set it to record.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. 394, but I think she's happier this way. Nine."

She gave the tape to a albour'droid, programmed to the 394's house, and ordered him to deliver it. Then she mounted a lonely conveyor for home.

Christie Bailie

Some Girls

THE DOLLING STONES

Some Girls



PERMA-STYLED
WASH & WEAR

STYLE No. TST-79

MISS YOU \$6.99

Some Girls



PERMA-STYLED
WASH & WEAR

STYLE No. PBF-79

Freedom \$6.99

Some Girls



PERMA-STYLED
WASH & WEAR

STYLE No. CT-79

SOME GIRLS \$6.99

Some Girls



PERMA-STYLED
WASH & WEAR

STYLE No. TS-79

GEORGIE GIRL \$6.99

Some Girls



PERMA-STYLED
WASH & WEAR

STYLE No. TS-79

AFRO \$6.99

Some Girls



INSTANT BEAUTY

STYLE No. DNY-89

Beast of Burden \$7.99

Some Girls



PERMA-STYLED
WASH & WEAR

STYLE No. MU-99

Heavenly Beauty \$7.99

Some Girls



100% WASH & WEAR

STYLE No. MC-89

IMAGINATION \$7.99

Some Girls



READY FOR INSTANT WEAR

STYLE No. LBC-99

Far Away Eyes \$8.99

Some Girls



6 in 1
FLIP UNDER or FLIP OUT

STYLE No. SKPB-109

Freedom Wig \$9.99

Some Girls



100% Synthetic Japanese MODACRYLIC

STYLE No. MU-99

Beau Catcher \$8.99

Some Girls



COOL-CAPLESS Comfortable

STYLE No. LIC-99

SHATTERED \$8.99

Some Girls



PERMA-STYLED

STYLE No. MC-89

BOY-CUT \$8.99

Some Girls



Miracle Fibre

STYLE No. LBC-99

When the Whip Comes Down \$8.99

Some Girls




NEVER NEED SETTING

STYLE No. SKPB-109

WIZ-WIG \$9.99

Some Girls




100% MIRACLE FIBRE

STYLE No. SK-109

Some Girls \$9.99

Some Girls




BEAUTIFUL YOU in a few seconds

STYLE No. SKGY-109

Before They Make Me Run \$9.99

Some Girls




BEAUTIFUL YOU in a few seconds

DR. CORTIZONES APPROVED

STYLE No. GYPSY-109

LIES \$9.99

Some Girls

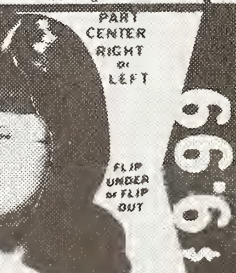


NEVER NEED SETTING

STYLE No. RS-109

Skin-Crown \$9.99

Some Girls



PERMA-STYLED

STYLE No. SKPB-109

RESPECTABLE \$9.99



Your morning smile

It was midnight on the ocean. Not a streetcar was in sight. It was a winter's day in summer. It rained all day that night. A barefoot boy with shoes on stood sitting on the grass. It was a winter's day in summer and the rain was snowing fast.

A foolish wiseman came, though he was far away, to see exciting Branksome girls - ten Branksomites at play. A joke was said; no laughs were heard and all the girls did sign. No smiles or laughs or wit or jokes had this man ever tried. So . . . to the third floor office top we pulled him up and did not stop - then, presented him with our sweet whim - a smile and laugh we saw in him.

His face was one of lemonade and sugar it had rare. Odd laughter that he saw and felt caused others to dispair. His world it straightened out so much now laughter was within, that scorns and thorns from other worlds let all bittersweetness in. His view on life's a wider range he sees things not so strange, and friends are his forever more 'cause now he's not deranged. Our cruel kindness was in haste but enlightened we're by it - Our friend is now a happy clown. These pages are not waste.

Learn from this omniscient fools! Your heads so bogged with rhymes and rules! Smile and laugh and joke (not sigh) when you see these pages come this nigh' that give our hearts a Branksome cry.

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FACING THE NEWS

FREE AT LAST!
Jan. 20-1981





The Pop Choir Members from Left to Right: Gillian Dinning, Cathy Mills, Cathy Watt, Heidi Ambrose, Pam Snively, Mary Wright, Mary Coleman, Sarah Wright, Jennifer Hinder, Kim Dalglish, Ainsley Moore, Olivia Sampson, Cynthlia Swinden.



Andrea Whiteacre, Rebecca Upjohn, Signy Eaton and Don Coons.

THE RADS

Slogan: When you were first established as a band, how did you feel?

Rebecca: Dubious and excited.

Slogan: How did your friends react?

Rebecca: They wanted to come to our practices and then they told us how bad we were. We started at Signy's house. Everyone would leave when they knew we were coming.

Slogan: Were you really that bad?

Rebecca: Yes! I think they expected us to sound

like a professional band at first but they caught on pretty quickly that we were starting from the beginning. I remember the first time Signy, Andrea and I played in prayers, someone asked me afterwards if it was supposed to be funny.

Slogan: When Don joined the band; how did that affect you?

Rebecca: We improved. He knew more or less what we were supposed to be doing and he made us practise. We slowly gained confidence and now he has a hard time - we hold our own!

Slogan: How did you come up with the name "The RADS?"

Rebecca: We took our first initials and arranged them until they sounded alright.

Slogan: Do you consider the RADS successful?

Rebecca: I think we are a novelty. We're doing something that many people would never believe they could come close to. As a high school band, we do alright. It's hard work. We've had quite a lot of criticism from other schools but the people at Branksome are great. Our parents have been supportive too.

Slogan: What do you see in the future of the RADS?

Rebecca: I don't think we'll ever reach Massey Hall but that's alright. After we graduate we'll drift apart. I think we all take the RADS too seriously sometimes but it has been good for all of us. We never planned to make our living as The RADS but we will continue to play everything from Colt 45 beer commercials to "Get Off My Cloud" whether we're together or apart.

ADS

C.R.C.



MEMBERS: V.P.-CAPRI, \$6000000 LIPS, FI-FI,
CHICAGO PREPETTE, TIGGER-CARROLLEE AND THE
EVER SPIKEY TWIGGY!!!
"MAY THE MUG NEVER DRY OUT, SO THAT
THE C.R.C. MAY NEVER DIE!!!"
SOON RECRUITS, THE PLANET, THE GREEK, C.F.,
CRAW, SMITTY, WALLY, DR. FOWLER'S, THE
TOWERING BIRD, HUNKY-POO, AND CHRIS A.
LOVE: !LCNVFDMGICKM!!



ELEKTRA, JANE, MARY, MARY, MARNEY, SARAH,
DARCY, ALISON, ROBYN, CAROLYN, PEGGY, BELLA,
KATHY, KAREN, MARTHA, JENNIFER, WENDY,
HEATHER, SAMMY BAZOOKA AND EVERYONE WE
MISSED: HI! LOVE KATE AND RUTH P.S. WHAT
GIGGLING 1ST YEAR STUDENT SENT WHAT MALE
1ST YEAR TEACHER 500 VALENTINES? FOR JANE:
HANS! CAN YOU GUESS MARNY? TOODLE-OO
VINEGAR! SARAH AND PETE(?) MARY: EATING
FLIES! COLITIS, 104 RAISINS, OUTSIDE EATING,
RIDLEY, HAVE A GOOD SUMMER OOPS.

*For Nancy
With Fond Memories
for Alan*

MEMORIES: SIG. DANCES, DINNER AND BREAKFAST
PARTIES, MOLLOW-OUT PARTIES, THAT NIGHT
AFTER FRASER'S HEY JULIE?! THEN WE CAN'T
FORGET: FC, JB, BJ, RA, TJ, TG, AL, BR, RW, KW AND
TG! AND OUR SPECIAL OWN NM(JULIE)*
BLACKEYES, WHITE TEETH, HAWIAN AFTERNOONS
AT DONUT WORLD AND CYNTHIA'S. PURPLE
FETISH! PARK PARTIES, WHERE THE BLANK IS
CHUCK? LIP! GRANITE CLUB! THERMOS! TRACK
PANTS-KWAYS, LANTERNS! 5 MINUTES OF SILENCE,
LIBRARY, FRIES, LUV CHUCK, NM STILLA, KOFFY
AND ME! BAM!BAM!BAM! YOU'RE THE DUMBEST
IVENEVA!!



IDWMDA. YOU KNOW WHO I AM TALKING TO. BOP!
HORSES. 10 MINS! ME YUCK AND ICKS. TDS DON'T
LET YKW SEE. DMB, PFA, BRC, EDW. ALISON! PIAN
IT. PHONE ME \$5! I'LL BE IST. BLAH ON! ST AND NB
STOP IT!ACDC AND BS! THE BOSS IS BACK. EXPORT
FROGS BUT I CAN'T! KR STYLE! PATI. IS THE TU ON?
SNL. BACK TO A. 11 OR WHAT? TRIED OF SOMETHIN'
C AND MICK. TI CURRY. VENIRT. STAR STAR? WHAT
TO DO ON FREE DAY? MAKE PASTRY? NO. D STYLE.
ME SEE BOOK. IWHSAD. P.O MUST GO NOW. PEACE
LOVE AND SANTA!

THANKS TO MY GOOD BUDDY, HELEN, FROM WHOM
I LEARNED "IF YOUR FRIENDS ARE THERE THEN
EVERYTHING'S ALRIGHT." JEZABEL.

THANKS TO MY GOOD BUDDY, EP2, FROM WHOM I
LEARNED "IF YOUR FRIENDS ARE THERE THEN
EVERYTHING'S ALRIGHT." EPI.

ON BEHALF OF AINSLIE HOUSE
WE WOULD LIKE TO THANK THE FOUR PEOPLE WHO
HELP US THROUGH EACH DAY MAKING BOARDING
JUST THAT MUCH HAPPIER.

MRS. GLANCY
MRS. DICKENS
MISS DONALD
MRS. HAY
LOVE FOREVER,
AINSLIE 80'81





LAKE PLACID



Branksome Kilts Steeped in Tradition, Student Argues

While perusing the Fashion section of *The Star* recently I noted the words: "Havergal College's snappy green tunics are in; Branksome Hall's murky green kilts are out" in fashion writer Jane Hess' list of ins and outs.

Naturally I took this as a personal insult since I was at that moment

sitting in a "murky green" kilt and not feeling the slightest bit out.

This strange statement regarding two very different uniforms made me wonder what could have prompted a fashion writer, whose mind was normally occupied with such major issues as the position of Marks and Spencer's underwear in

society, to write such a comment? I do not even pretend to know.

Ms Hess stated that Havergal's tunics were "in." In what, I wonder. The mind boggles at the endless possibilities.

Her remark that out kilts were "out" was equally puzzling. Our kilts are not "out" nor are they murky green. Our uniform is steeped in tradition and it is considered by most sane people to be one of the most attractive school uniforms in the city.

We were the first school in Toronto to adopt the kilt as part of our school uniform and the idea swiftly caught on so that many other schools, including the Royal Ballet School, now wear them. Since imitation is the sincerest form of flattery it must be assumed that our uniform was, and indeed still is, considered attractive and practical by other institutions of learning.

Ms Hess generalized by saying that our kilt is green. It is not just green; it is also blue, red and yellow which are hardly murky colours. Besides, by calling Branksome's kilt "murky green," Ms Hess is not only insulting every single student at Branksome Hall but also insulting all the members of the Stewart clan and even Queen Elizabeth herself. As subjects of the Queen, every Canadian is permitted to wear the Hunting Stewart Tartan that our kilts are made of and we students are very proud to have that honour.

Ms Hess has done Branksome Hall a great disservice. Our kilts are filled with tradition; they are true classics.

The beautiful Branksome Hunting Stewart kilt must be "in" - after all 900 students, the members of the Stewart clan and the Queen cannot all be wrong. If so many of us delight in wearing this kilt it can hardly be "out."

Kirsten Munro
Toronto







BEFORE AND AFTER



Grade 5 Grads; Martha Allan, Jenny Griffiths, Kathryn Liptrott, Sarah Ondaatje, Andrea Duncan, Signy Eaton, Fiona Sampson. Absent: Jane Moes, Jenny Gillespie.



ELEMENTARY PHYSICAL EDUCATION CLASS - O.C.E. - 1956-57



ANNA

Anna Rexia from Branksin
Was so excessively thin
That when she essayed
To drink lemonade
She slipped through the straw and
fell in

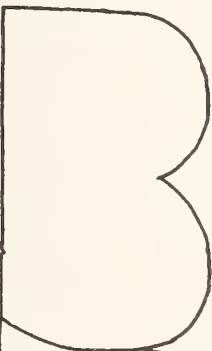
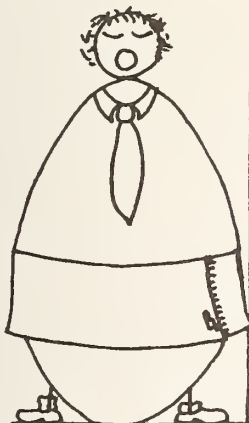
Swimming around in the ade
She found what a joy she had made
For when she got up
She o'er flowed her cup
Slipped out and slipped back to her
glade.

A

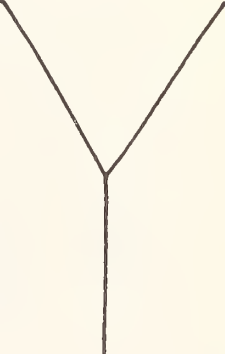
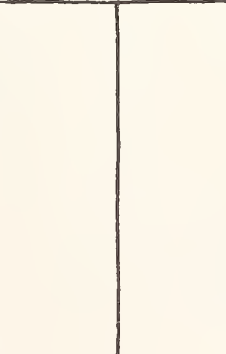
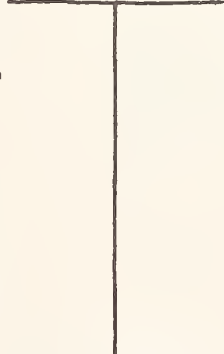
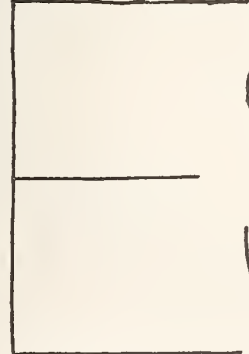
Ob Esity from Branksan
Had a belly the size of a man.
When asked why it was
She said, "It's because
I try to eat as much food as I can."

Though her favorite food was cake
She had not the talent to bake
But had she the whim
She may have been thin
Which would have been nice for Ob's
sake.

REXX



A



From about the time we were very young our mothers have encouraged us all to eat well. Besides having fun exploring a world full of healthful foods and fresh produce, they opened our minds to nutrition and we were soon to be astounded at how much more we were able to do, and how seldom we got tired or sick.

The way to build great health is with complete protein and a balanced diet - when you discover it, physically and mentally you are capable of much more. There are two kinds of protein: complete and incomplete. They both consist of amino acids. Incomplete protein does not contain the essential amino acids; where as complete protein foods contain essential amino acids that our bodies can't produce, and so they are essential to our diet: eggs, milk, fish and fowl, yoghurt, cheese, wheat germ and meat. Certain nuts, beans, vegetables, fruits and grains contain incomplete protein (with the exception of soya bean products).

Throughout life our body proteins are broken down by enzymes in our cell. Unless enough complete protein is eaten the cells are not replaced. The less important body tissues are destroyed to free amino acids needed to rebuild the more vital tissues. You continue to function, but less and less well until you finally start to fall apart. The first signs are saggy muscles, slumpy posture and a bad temper. Without enough complete protein you begin to look and feel older than you actually are. If you starve your cells of protein and other necessary nutrients such as vitamins, minerals, fat, cho, and water, you'll stop them from growing and renewing themselves.

Many of us need from 60 to 80 grams of protein a day depending on our weight. Look at protein this way - if you are loaded with it, you won't crave fattening starches and sweets, and you'll have extra energy to burn off in unwanted weight.

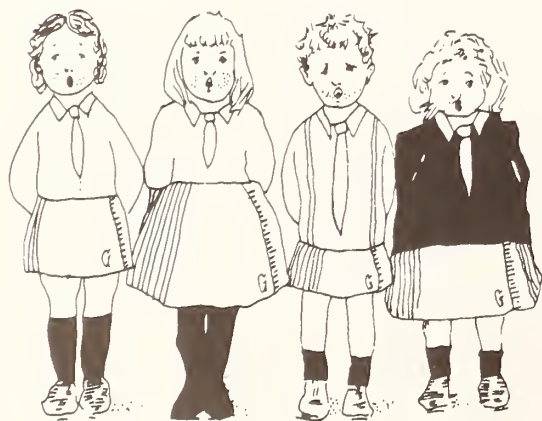
Thanks be to the proteins.



How to...

behave in Prayers

- i) stand when the bell rings because it may be the fire alarm
- ii) make sure you don't sit near a prefect. Their singing is worse than yours
- iii) watch Miss Roach carefully
- iv) don't forget your hymn books and don't take the pages home with you
- v) don't forget to say good morning to Miss Brough
- vi) don't chew gum because it may fall out when you're singing
- vii) don't take in study notes if you don't know how you probably never will
- viii) do eat a big breakfast so you can sing symphonically
- ix) do make sure you are awake to catch all the announcements
- x) if you are late come in before the announcements or the guest speaker, but try to save all your lates for math class
- xi) do laugh at Kate Bingham's announcements but don't believe a word she says
- xii) don't point at Mrs MacGregor because she has the same dress on that she wore yesterday. You've got the same blouse on that you wore yesterday and no one's pointing at you (They can't get that close)
- xiii) if you have to yawn face the back wall - Miss Brough doesn't want to count your cavities
- xiv) laugh with the guest speaker not at him/her
- xv) don't race ahead in the reading Competition is for the class room
- xvi) do wear bloomers and watch how you sit
- xvii) do dream about 3.20 though it's just 9.00
- xviii) do try to hear Sue LeClerc sing. We can learn from mistakes
- xix) don't kick the leg off the projector table, though it'd be fun
- xx) stand quietly when the bell rings. There may be another fire



... pig out when your mother is home

- i) tell your mother there is a bakesale at school tomorrow, and then that you have not eaten all day.
- ii) pre-heat the oven.
- iii) survey the kitchen.
- iv) find a good cake recipe. Mix the ingredients, eating all the while everything but the flour and the baking soda.
- v) eat some of the dough on a piece of cookie from Treats.
- vi) pour the mix into pans and then bake.



- vii) watch and long, eating all the while anything else in the kitchen you can get your teeth into.
- viii) take the cake from the oven and ice it with instant spread. Making the icing yourself is too time consuming.
- ix) have a little bite of a big cake and say, "Well, I've wrecked my diet now!" (One bite is too many and a thousand not enough). Why don't you apply it directly to your thighs?
- x) finish the cake using two forks, one in each hand, watching all the while the expression on your mother's face and feeling disgusted that you won't have anything for the bakesale.





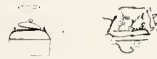
- give A.R. to a brownie
- i) open mouth
- ii) insert brownie

... pig out when your mother is away

i) make sure the house is empty and you are alone.

ii) don't bother cooking because it takes too much time.

iii) survey the kitchen.



iv) have a little bite of something big, and then another and another until something has become nothing.

v) tell yourself that you won't eat tomorrow though you've already planned that massive consumption.

vi) Eat granola, muffins, cheese, bread, icecream, cookies, chips, caramel popcorn, alphagetti, cakes, tarts, chocolates, french fries and pudding.

vii) butter everything and top it with jam. Use Devonshire cream whenever it seems appropriate.

viii) make a mess of the kitchen. Because you are in a state of devouring, you can't be concerned with kitchen disorder.

ix) clean up the mess before your mother returns; you can't let her think you've been at it again.

x) stand back, look at the spotless, empty kitchen, feel satisfied and consider yourself a closet eater.



• mend a broken heart

i) get close to cause of breakage

ii) lay subject on operating table in sterilized room.

iii) retrieve surgical cloak, cap and mask. clothe yourself. Put on surgical gloves.

iv) strap subject onto table. Fill his mouth with an old green sock.

v) take scalpel and begin to cut.

vi) pull skin away. When the heart is visible cut the fibrous membrane from around the organ. Remove from the body when throbbing completely stops.

vii) Place the organ on a plastic bag from yesterday's lunch.

viii) Retrieve scalpel, and then perform the operation by making all the necessary sutures.

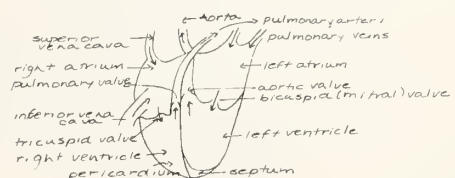
ix) Sew all parts together in the shape of the former image.

x) Reinsert into the body. Attach atrium to atrium, ventricle to ventricle, aorta to aorta, valve to valve, ashes to ashes, and dust to dust. Close all incisions. Use Bandaid Brand to adhere wound. 'cause it holds on tight in the bath tub and it clings in soapy suds.

Performed: a complete cardiac metamorphosis.

Suggestion to the broken hearted: do not perform this operation under the influence of alcohol or drugs.

Success Rate . . . 35732 in every 5.









Some Girls

THE ROLLING STONES



Some Girls
PERMA-STYLED
WASH & WEAR
STYLE No. TST-79
MISS YOU \$6.99



Some Girls
STYLE No. PBF-79
Freedom \$6.99



Some Girls
STYLE No. CT-79
SOME GIRLS \$6.99



Some Girls
STYLE No. TS-79
GEORGIE Girl \$6.99



Some Girls
READY FOR INSTANT WEAR
STYLE No. TS-79
AFRO \$6.99

100% CAREFREE WASH & WEAR
Some girls give me jewelry
RELAXED CURL
TAPERED BACK
100% CAREFREE WASH & WEAR
Synthetic Japanese Cordelon



INSTANT BEAUTY
KOOL -N- @ LIGHT
STYLE No. DNY-85
Beast of Burden \$7.99



PERMA-STYLED
Wash and Wear
French girls they want Carrier
STYLE No. NC-89
Heavenly Beauty \$7.99



100% WASH & WEAR
LIGHT COOL AIRY-
STYLE No. NC-89
IMAGINATION \$7.99




READY FOR INSTANT WEAR
6 in 1
FLIP UNDER or FLIP OUT
Some Girls
Far Away Eyes \$7.99



Some Girls
FREEDOM WIG \$7.99

SOFT RELAXED CURLS
Some girls give me children
Laughter, joy, and loneliness




100% Synthetic Japanese MODACRYLIC
COOL-CAPLESS Comfortable
New Lovely You
Style No. MU-99
BEAU CATCHER \$8.99




PERMA-STYLED
KOOL -N- @ LIGHT
STYLE No. LIC-99
SHATTERED \$8.99



Miracle Fibre
STYLE No. LBC-99
BOY-CUT \$8.99



NEVER NEED SETTING
Some Girls
When the Whip Comes Down \$8.99



Some Girls
WIZ-WIG \$8.99

CAPLESS SKIN-TOP
Synthetic Japanese MODACRYLIC
Black girls just wanta get...
SUPER FREEDOM
Italian girls want cars



100% MIRACLE FIBRE
STYLE No. SK-109
Some Girls \$9.99



BEAUTIFUL YOU in a few seconds
100% WASH & WEAR
STYLE No. SKGY-109
Before They Make Gypsies Me Run \$9.99



BEAUTIFUL YOU in a few seconds
DR. CORTIZONES APPROVED
LIES \$9.99



NEVER NEED SETTING
STYLE No. RS-109
Skin-Crown \$9.99

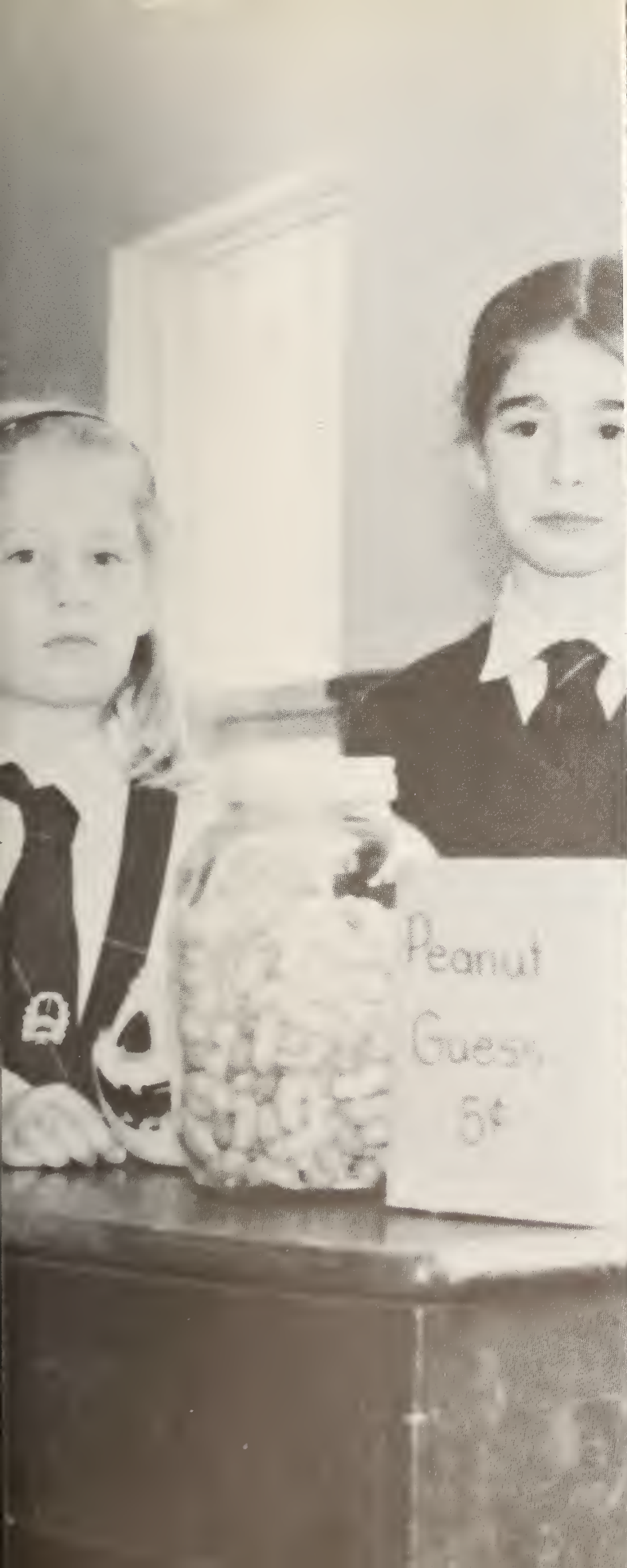


PERMA-STYLED
PART CENTER RIGHT or LEFT
6 in 1
FLIP UNDER or FLIP OUT
Style No. SKPB-109
RESPECTABLE \$9.99

PERMANENT BUILT IN HEIGHT

FALL





HEAD MISTRESS

Everyone always looks forward in June to the arrival of the Slogan. We pore over the pages, remembering the people and the events which have given us much pleasure and sometimes even some pain. It is a record of the year's activities, but mostly it is a portrait of our graduating class and the individual influence those senior girls have had upon Branksome.

1980-1981 is a particularly memorable year for there are four friends graduating who have been with us a long time. I am referring to the retirement of Mrs. Ellins, Miss Holt, Mme Menc and Mrs. Upjohn. Mrs. Ellins has taught piano at Branksome for fourteen years and all of us who know her well will miss her pleasant nature and gentle ways. Miss Holt has been a housemother and loyal, generous friend of the school since she joined us in 1972. Mme Menc, the much beloved grande dame of the Modern Language Department, has taught French at our school for seventeen years. Branksome will seem more than a little bland without her candor, wit and delightful lunch time stories. And Mrs. Upjohn, herself a proud 'alum' and one-half of the team of Upjohn and Sneeze-pickle, has been the kindergarten of Branksome since she started teaching with us forty-one years ago. There are many, many people, boys and girls, men and women, who will remember with fondness and admiration the birds, the songs, the care, the joy of the Branksome Hall Kindergarten. To these four ladies, along with the ninety-two younger graduates, I say thank you for the years you have given to us. We shall miss you very much.

Allison Roach



HEAD GIRL

In the third week of September I attended a cold and damp Ontario Student Council Leadership Seminar at Lake Couchiching. One of the first questions I was asked by a cabin mate was how many boys do we have on our student council? I had anticipated this type of question. Instead of impressing her with some exotic number like thirty, I confessed that it is a very uneven ratio, 0:12 (males:females). But I qualified the statement by admitting that it is a girls' school, and added that we have a prefect system in lieu of a student council.

Needless to say I was astonished when this girl burst into hysterical laughter as soon as I mentioned "Prefects." Heading into my seventh year at Branksome I was thoroughly convinced that our Prefect system is most respectable and not a source of amusement. She finally explained that at her school Prefects are washroom monitors. I understood the humor. I assured her that the Prefects at Branksome are integrated into all aspects of school life, except washroom monitoring. It proved to be a most interesting seminar . . .

The Prefects, in their radioactive red kilts, participated in and supported all activities ranging from drama, debating, and other clubs, to sports of all kinds. Again this year the Prefects hosted the annual Father-Daughter Dance, and introduced two new ideas: "live" entertainment - a "wild" band of lawyers, and catered gourmet food - a break from green cookies and freshie. The dads were in excellent form that night, and the dance was a great success.

We were also given opportunities this year to prove that we were invincible on the volleyball court, when we played the spirited prefects of Crescent School, the more reserved ones from St. George's College, and our own Chieftains and Subs. We were so successful at St. George's that they even ran an article about our talent in their newspaper!

One of the biggest changes for me this year has been living in residence. Being a boarder is a very good experience, one that more people should share. Branksome becomes more than school, it becomes "home." There is a real sense of community, belonging, and fun in boarding. There are always events and activities going on such as plays, coed games, stuffed animal kidnappings, and night raids, to name only a few. One of the good things is that I learned to be punctual for our 8:40 a.m. bell and cleared my "tardy" record from last year.

Ralph Waldo Emerson once said: "Nothing great is ever achieved without enthusiasm." Branksome is a school of outstanding enthusiasm, vitality, and spirit. Admirably, everyone - staff and students alike - takes part in all aspects of school life. They combine these elements of enthusiasm, vitality, and spirit to make it the great school that it is.

Best of luck Branksome!

Bryn MacPherson





JUNIOR SCHOOL PRINCIPAL

In June 1980, fifteen girls represented the school at the Can. Independent Jr. School Summer Games in Calgary. I am delighted to report that we placed first in volleyball, badminton, canoeing and high-jump. Our congratulations to the girls for placing second out of seven schools in the final tally.

The grade 7 trip to Quebec City and Fort Ticonderoga and the grade 8 trip to Washington was a "successful and educational experience!" Other visits have included the National Ballet, Toronto Symphony and Royal Winter Fair.

In school, activities were well attended and we had quite a variety from which to choose. Cooking and choir to soccer and swimming! The Jr. School teams have had a terrific year; their contribution to basketball and swimming has been outstanding.

A special thank you to Hope, Heather, Clan chieftains and sub-chieftains; their help, encouragement and enthusiasm have been greatly appreciated by us all.

Finally to our grade 8 graduates - you have helped make this year a memorable one. Good luck and thank you. Affectionately,

Dorothy Brough



JUNIOR SCHOOL LIAISON

Dear Junior School Girls,

Already, each of you is unique in your own way; however, all of you have a unifying characteristic - you are members of the Junior School. I was amazed at the bubbling enthusiasm and cheerfulness throughout the halls during lunch and after school. It was certainly worth a sprint through the overpass every day to become a special part of you. Many times this year you came over to hear speakers in the Senior School gym. Thanks to Miss Brough, the staff, Heather, and the chieftains and subs who helped Miss Pearson and me throughout the year.

Love,
Hope

P.S. A Junior School Prefect named Hope,
Had a challenging job trying to cope
With the Junior School gals,
But she tried to be pals,
And to teach them to smile, not to mope.



ALUMNAE



As the representatives between the Alumnae and the student body, we learned how much our school benefits from the Old Girls' Association. As the liaisons, we designed the above crest for the Alumnae, which we hope represents the Association as they are. The encircling maple leaves denote the fact that we are a Canadian school, even though many of the Alumnae live abroad. To keep all of these Old Girls in touch, a newsletter is distributed semi-annually to all members; this is located in the centre of the crest. The burning candle, in the centre of the crest, is an image of the everlasting friendships formed at Branksome; a flame that will never die.

Kate Bingham, Fiona Simpson



SPORTS CAPTAIN

Well, what can I say? Branksome Hall is leaping high with enthusiasm and energy. Cheers can be heard at games and meets as Branksomites win victoriously. So far, we've done really well in inter-school competitions. We won the Bishop's Cup in swimming, won the Ontario finals in Cross-Country, (at least the Wileys did) and sent a team to the Ontario finals in tennis. The other schools had a tough time beating Branksome's basketball teams who played with great skill and sportsmanship.

No one can deny the fact that we have some excellent athletes. In fact, most of the girls par-

ticipating received either a gold badge or an Award of Excellence in the Canada Fitness Awards.

School spirit is on the rise. Students can be seen perfecting their skills, and of course having fun, in the morning, at lunch and after school in the gym - that room never seems to be empty. This year there were no class sports' reps., instead, we had an athletic council. It was a great help in organizing games and intramural sports. Branksome will always excel in sports as long as there is spirit and sportsmanship.

Sue LeFeuvre

Prefects: See Picture

Hope Humphrey: Junior School Liaison

Bryn MacPherson: Head Girl

Miss Roach

Tracy Dalglish: Grade Nine Prefect

Bev Hicks-Lyne: Grade Ten Prefect

Katie Lundon: Grade Twelve Prefect

Suzanne Toro: Grade Eleven Prefect

Jane Moës: Head of Communications

Bindu Dennis: Residence Prefect

Jill Palmer: Head Student Librarian

Sue Farrow: Editor-in-Chief of the Slogan

Sue LeFeuvre: Sports Captain

Kate Wiley: Head of Intramural Activities

Chieftains:

Sue Shaw: Scott

Judy McClure: Ross

Julie Robertson: McLeod

Lanny Dawson: MacLean

Karen Taylor: MacGregor

Heather Allen: McAlpine

Kelly Hawke: Douglas

Mary Morden: Campbell

Sarah Wright: Bruce

Leslie Flenning: Duncan

Dana Warren: Fraser

Heather O'Conner: Sports Capt.

Jennifer Cunietti: Grant

Alison Dalglish: Johnston

Cindy Mitchell: Robertson





JUNIOR SCHOOL FACULTY

Principal:
Miss Dorothy Brough

Staff

Mrs. Audrey Brown
Mrs. Daphne Chilton
Mrs. Margot Clare
Mme Mariette Dean
Mrs. Marie Hay
Mrs. Mimi Hollenberg
Miss Katherine Kane
Miss Diana Mackenzie
Mrs. Judith Mills
Mrs. Linda Pearson
Mrs. Janet Peters
Mrs. Mary Ranger
Mrs. Dorothy Seixas
Mrs. Nanci Smith
Mrs. Mary Tasker
Mrs. Elizabeth Thomson
Mrs. Ruth Upjohn
Mrs. Dawn Willingham



Back Row: Miss Brough, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Ranger, Mme Dean, Mrs. Tasker, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Mills, Mrs. Peters, Mrs. Hay. Middle Row: Mrs. Clare, Miss Kane, Miss Skyler, Mrs. Chilton, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Prins, Mrs. Hollenburg. Front Row: Miss Mackenzie, Mrs. Cheeseman.

Back Row: Mrs. Dick, Mrs. Bunting, Mme Markes, Mme Berka, Mrs. Tuer, Mrs. Zominers, Mrs. Strangway. Middle Row: Mrs. Levitt, Mrs. Stretton, Mrs. Gray, Mrs. Shaver. Front Row: Miss Riffin, Mrs. Bedard, Mrs. Davidovac, Mrs. Roe.



SENIOR SCHOOL FACULTY



Back Row: Mrs. MacGregor, Mr. Jordan, Mrs. Lumsdon, Miss Bell, Mrs. Blake, Ms McLeod, Miss Roach, Miss Healey. Middle Row: Mrs. McRae, Miss Baker, Mme Olson, Miss Kenny. Front Row: Mlle Aucouturier, Mr. Zambrano, Miss Moon, Mrs. Simpson, Mrs. Merrilees, Mme Menc.

Principal: Miss Allison Roach

Vice-Principals:
Miss Edwina Baker
Miss Barbara Healey
Miss Susan Kenny

English Department
Miss Susan Kenny
Mrs. Anne Bedard
Mrs. Karrie Levitt
Ms Janet McLeod
Mrs. Nora McRae
Miss Allison Roach
Mrs. Medora Roe

English and Dramatic Arts
Mrs. Brenda Smith

History Department
Mrs. Aija Zommers
Mrs. Alice Strangway
Mr. Vincent Zambrano

Geography Department
Miss Shirley Bell
Miss Linda Perrott

Latin Department
Mrs. Annice Blake

French Department
Mme Elise Olson
Mlle Dominique Aucouturier
Mme Jana Berka
Mme Marie-Louise Menc-Leonard
Mme Anna Henderson

Spanish Department
Mme Maria Markes

Science Department
Mrs. Vesna Davidovac
Mrs. Audrey Bunting
Mrs. Susan MacGregor
Mrs. Patricia Merrilees
Mrs. Jacqueline Shaver

Mathematics Department
Miss Edwina Baker
Mrs. Ann Gray
Mrs. Katherine Proctor
Miss Judith Riffin
Miss Pamela Moon
Mrs. Jacqueline Shaver
Mrs. Margaret Tuer

Economics Department
Mr. Jeff Hammond
Mr. Vincent Zambrano

Family Studies and Fashion Arts
Miss Nancy Northgrave
Mrs. Frances Stretton

Art Department
Mrs. Mary Simpson

Music Department
Mrs. Lucile Ellins
Mr. Ronald Jordan

Guidance Department
Miss Barbara Healey
Mrs. Anne Bedard
Ms Janet McLeod

Physical Education Department
Mrs. Josie Kizoff
Mrs. Barbara Glennie
Mrs. Diana Jennings
Mrs. Joan Lumsdon

Business Studies
Mrs. Betty Naftolin

Librarian
Mrs. Louise Dick



RAMABAI WEEK ACTIVITIES

The name Ramabai Week is really a misnomer, as the fund-raising activities usually extend far beyond a week. However, this extension is well worthwhile as the results prove. This year was no exception; while the official date of Ramabai Week was October 20-24, such important and not-to-be-missed events as the Teachers's Bake Sale occurred during the following week.

It has been said that Branksomites think of only three things: food, boys, and money, although not necessarily in that order. Ramabai Week events reflected this, as many waistlines showed the results of overindulging at all those delicious food sales.

Some new additions this year to the list of fundraising activities, notwithstanding the annual bake sales; 12r4's extremely successful sundae sale, 13r2's vegetable dip sale, the


residence's Rock-A-Thon (which raised the most money of any single event), the 13r1's concert and cookie sale, music provided by the RADS.

All in all, Ramabai was very, very successful. The Senior School raised \$904.79 after expenses (equipment for the concert and money for prizes), coupled with the Junior School total of \$570.22, resulted in a grand total just under \$1500.00. The money will be distributed to several charities (as well as the Restoration Fund,); among them The Humane Society, The Ramabai Mukti Mission, The Ontario Heart Foundation, The Multiple Sclerosis Society and Nellie's Hostel for Woman. Many thanks to Kathleen and the Executive for all their hard work and thanks to the students and staff for their support.

Clare Palmer



Branksome Hall
presents:



the
tenants

at the Ramabai Rout
November 1st

9:00 p.m.

\$3-single \$5-couple

NO JEANS

GRADE VII TRIP

On October 14, we left on our trip.

The girls were restless and ready to rip!
We hopped on our bus, a Travelways Tours.
Like mice to a cat, the bus was a lure.
We drove to Kingston and there saw a fort
And learned about it with a laugh and snort!
On to Québec for a swim and dinner -
When we get home, we'll be much thinner!
The National Assembly was next to come
And a tour of Lower Town; that was fun.
After lunch, Musée de Fort.
Now that Wolfe should be taken to court.
Next to a church called Holy Trinity.
There were frontals there for all to see.
On the bus to La Citadelle,
The Plains of Abraham, there's lots to tell.
The oldest hospital, a nun convent,
An hour and a half there we spent.
The next day we woke up early.
We drove until we got to Port Chambly.
To New York, we're almost there -
There are sights to see everywhere!
To the motel and then out shopping,
Then back home for some room hopping.
On Thursday it was Shelburne, Vermont.
Now our trip is near the end.
Classes are around the bend.
Thanks, Mrs. Hay, for a wonderful trip -
If we could, we'd give you the world's
biggest TIP!!!

Melissa Hall

GRADE VIII TRIP

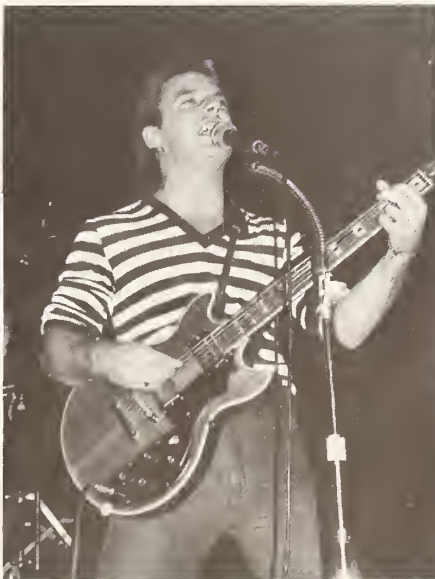
The Grade Eights go to Washington. Yes, it is a true story . . . of how 76 Branksomites a) toured more of the area in ONE week than a normal person would tour in one month!! b) broke the record!! SIX consecutive meals at MacDonalds. c) had a super time!!

We departed from the Sherbourne parking lot at 6:02 a.m. After eleven hours travelling time, we arrived at our home for two nights - The Quality Inn, Falls Church.

Oh no! Is it really 6:30 a.m., and time to get up? Oh well. It was worth it because for the next two days we saw so much: The White House, monuments, memorials and Smithsonian. We enjoyed the Greek architecture but not the infinite steps. We also toured the FBI, the highlight of the Washington trip for years.

All aboard. Our next stop Richmond. We viewed the historic state capitol and then headed for our next home for two nights - Quality Inn, Intown, Richmond. We left at 6:45 a.m. for a fun-filled day in Colonial Williamsburg. That day we saw Mrs. Hay's Governor's Palace and other interesting buildings and then . . . finally shopping time!

Friday we met Canada's ambassador to the U.S., Mr. Peter Towe, and at Gettysburg we toured the battlefield. It was a great success. Thank you, Mrs. Hay!
Jennifer Anderson, Liane Kennedy, and Jennifer Patchett.

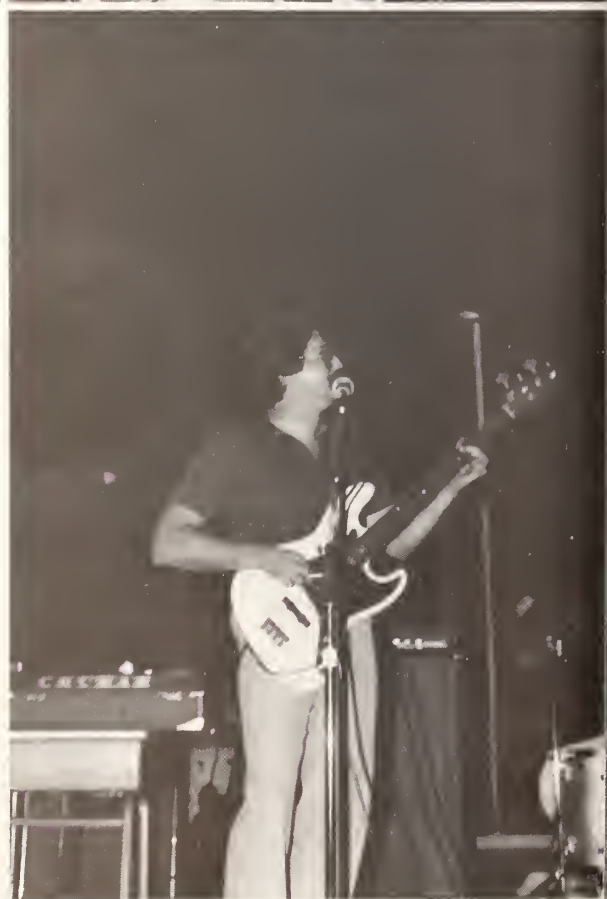




The Mother-Daughter Tea was held on September 17th. It was held in the Blue Room and the Common Room because the weather did not permit us to hold it outside; however, holding the tea inside did not negate from the numbers that intended to come. The unbelievable assortment of cookies and cakes was a big success, and could only be avoided by those with a tremendous will power. The mothers showed good form in the latest of their Paris fashions, and we all enjoyed ourselves. A special thanks should go to the Prefects for organizing this big event.

Martha McCarthy

MOTHER-DAUGHTER TEA





*The Prefects of Branksome Hall
cordially invite you to attend their third annual
FATHER - DAUGHTER DANCE
in the gymnasium
on Friday, November twenty-eighth
at 8:30 o'clock*

Price: \$10 a couple
\$15 for father and 2 daughters
\$15 for father and 3 daughters



FATHER-DAUGHTER DANCE

A Memorable Night in November

When one thinks of this year's Father-Daughter Dance, one thinks of the changes that accompanied it. Firstly, there was a change of pace. A group of young energetic lawyers replaced the disc jockey of the last two years.

The upbeat sounds of Haven Tweezers gave everyone the opportunity to really dance. (Some fathers will attest to the fact that dancing is often exercise in disguise). Other fathers could not quite find it in them to dance to the Rolling Stones "Satisfaction," but they could and did repair to the Common Room to partake of a different change, a change of taste. There was a feast of grapes, strawberries, melons, camembert, cucumber sandwiches and more.

It was a memorable night in November and thanks to Rebecca and Paula; many of us have pictures of a very special occasion with a very special person.

Jane Moës

BASKETBALL

The basketball teams this year were very impressive. They had many "star" players with whom Heather Allen plans to meet in the NBA. The season was very successful and all the team members are to be congratulated on both their efforts and their good sportsmanship.

This season Branksome did not win the trophy. Next year with the strong Junior School players, we hope to win it again as we have in the past.

The efforts of Miss Riggin were greatly appreciated especially since practice time was reduced this year to a minimum by other extracurricular activities. Best of luck with next

Back: Adrienne Grant, Carol Hood, Megan Long, Catherine Needham, Tory Wigar, Stephanie Buchanan, Cindy Michell. Front: Daphne King, Danielle Perron, Jennifer Hinder, Elizabeth Wood.

Allison Huycke, Kathy Fullerton, Olivia Sampson, Mary Mathers, Genevieve Perron, Laurie Nichols, Hillary Shaw, Susan Andrus.



year's basketball season.
There's lots of room for
improvement.

Paula Doyle

Lt. - Rt.: Kathy Hurrell, Jill Wigle,
Wendy Buchanan, Kathy Barclay,
Jane Connor.



Sixteen's Basketball Team
Coach: Miss Riggan, Captain: Heather Allen
First Game: BSS vs. BHS 37-33
Second Game: HC vs. BHS 31-10
Third Game: BSS vs. BHS 45-36
Fourth Game:
HC vs. BHS 23-21
Ridley Tournament: Consolation Finalists

Back: Sue LeFeuvre, Laurie Gunton, Sheila Coulter. Front:
Trish Heward, Miss Riggan, Katie London, Heather Allen,
Vicky Bassett.



CROSS-COUNTRY

'Sweat pants off please', said the announcer as the girls assembled on the starting line. Last minute good lucks were yelled from nearby spectators. The girls waited for the gun; the dreaded gun signalized the start of an exhausting two mile cross-country race. This was one of the many typical cross-country starts which the team of twenty Branksome girls experienced this fall. The hard work and determination of everyone brought great success for the 1980 cross-country team. The biggest race of the season, the qualification for the Ontario championship, was an indication of everyone's hard training. Eight girls qualified for the championship, our most ever. This success is largely attributed to our excellent coach, Mrs. Kizoff, to whom we extend our grateful thanks. At the Ontario Championships in London, in the midget division, Sarah Wiley placed second, and Laura McElwain placed 61st. The junior team placed 7th out of 29 teams. Alison Wiley placed 1st and Anne Bunting placed 37th. In the senior division, Kate Wiley placed first.

Outstanding Cross-Country Meets:

1. Private Girls Meet:

Midget division: 1st Sarah Wiley

2nd Laura McElwain

Junior division: 1st Alison Wiley

2nd Anne Bunting

4th Martha Wilson

5th Tessa Griffin

15th Kelly Hawke

Senior Division: 1st Kate Wiley

2. Toronto District Qualifications: Sarah Wiley, Laura McElwain, Alison Wiley, Anne Bunting, Martha Wilson, Tessa Griffin, Tori Russell, Kelly Hawke, and Kate Wiley all qualified.

3. Bonne Bell 10k Road Race: The competitors included: Kate Wiley, Alison Wiley, Sarah Wiley, Anne Bunting, Paula Doyle, Katy Staples, Katherine Buleyckuck, Julie Fergusson, Jill Curtis, Lindsay Glasgow, Alison Tasker, Kelly Hawke, Martha Dingle, and Tori Hackett.

Each Girl completed the race in under an hour.

Back Row: Colleen Doyle, Katie Staples, Paula Doyle, Kate Wiley, Dalene Snyder, Carol Brebner, Judy McClure, Tori Russell. Middle Row: Tessa Griffin, Alison Wiley, Sarah Wiley. Front Row: Kelly Hawke, Jill Curtis, Julie Fergusson, Laura McElwain, Alison Tasker. Absent: Anne Bunting, Martha Wilson, Martha Dingle. Captain: Alison Wiley. Coach: Mrs. Kizoff.



JUNIOR SCHOOL SWIMMING

SWIMMING

The Swimsuit: a garment designed for swimming. Seashore bathing became popular in the mid nineteenth century when railroads were built, allowing people to get to the beach for their vacations. The first swimsuits concealed most of the body; women wore bloomers, black stockings and a dress with short sleeves and a skirt; men wore a dark coloured one piece, sleeveless garment reaching to the ankles or knees. By the early twentieth century, however, men had begun to wear shorts without a top. A clinging one piece swimsuit for women was introduced by the French after World War 1, and other accessories were abandoned. Around 1935, women began to wear a two piece suit consisting of top and shorts. In 1947 the bikini, consisting of a very brief top and brief pants came into fashion. In the 1970's, swimsuits varied in style from one or two piece garments to suits with skirts, but all were made of fabrics that do not sag or balloon in the water thus facilitating swimming.

Team Members: Laurie Hrushowy, Martha Younger, Sally Robertson, Debbie Lachowicz, Martha Dingle, Wendy Wilson, Kate Dafeo, Ruth Bryden, Carolyn Dyke, Ellen Green, Marla Sherman, Mario Soriano, Susan O'Connor, Wendy Brown, Janice Wright, Susie Garay, Mary Morden, Debbie Farquaharson, Laura Loewen, Karen Taylor, Tricia Hall, Lis Burrow, Marcie Hartill, Andrea Whiteacre.



This year the Branksome Swim team participated in four swim meets:

*Relay Meet: 1. Branksome
2. B.S.S.*

*3. Havergal
Senior and Intermediate Meet:*

*1. B.S.S.
2. Branksome
3. Havergal*

Tadpole and Junior Meet:

*1. B.S.S.
2. Branksome
Bishop's Cup:
1. Branksome - 132 pts.
2. B.S.S. - 121 pts.
3. Havergal - 114 pts.
4. St. Mildreds - 107 pts.
5. T.F.S. - 57 pts.
6. St. Clements - 48 pts.*

The Bishop's Cup was originally presented in 1946 by Colonel Arthur Bishop. The competition is between a minimum of three independent schools. The swimmers compete in speed, style and efficiency.

*Coach: Mrs. Lumsdon.
Captain: Laurie Hrushowy.*

SAILING

The sailing tournament this year, as in past years, was held at Lakefield College School. The competitors were sailing 420's and Albacores.

The team received excellent instruction from two coaches. Tom Clarke, whose expertise in the science of racing tactics is well-known, and Heather Sampson Clark, whose involvement with the Toronto Brigs also makes her an excellent authority in the sailing field.

Fiona Sampson and Chris Grant placed 5th out of 7 competitors, and Harriet Eastwood and Martha Dingle placed 2nd in their division. Overall Branksome placed first.



BETA KAPPA

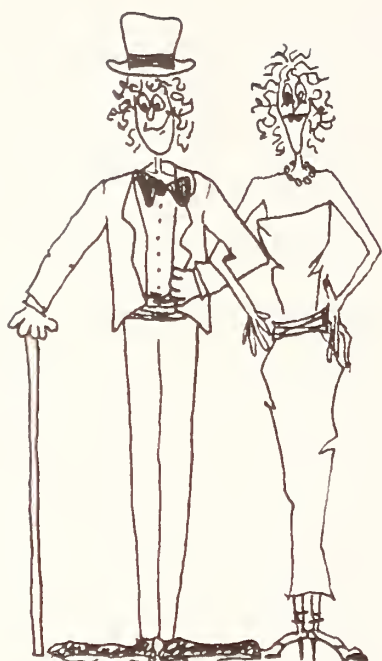
This year has been one of the most successful years in the history of the Beta Kappa - and the most fun. Because of the demand, our annual Ramabai Rout was opened, which made it easier on those of us who didn't have dates! Over 700 people came to witness this record-breaking event. We made over \$2,000 and \$1,500 of the money raised went to the Opheleo.

The Formal, held at the Granite Club was great fun, and was not influenced at all by the fact that it was held on Friday the 13th!

Most of this year's success is due to the phenomenal amount of support from all the grades and, of course, the support and work put in by my committee heads - Anne, Anne, and Eileen. Thanks for all your help.

Suzanne Beer

Suzanne Beer: Head, Anne Yendell, Anne Emonson, Eileen McConnell.



Drawings by Kellie Leman.

O P H E L E O



Above: Junior School Opheleo Society. Above Right: Senior School Opheleo Executive: Clare Palmer, Andrea Whiteacre, Kathleen Slater: President. Staff Advisor: Mrs. Davidovac.

This year the Opheleo fund raising efforts were launched into full swing with a collection for the dedicated and courageous Terry Fox, who ran halfway across Canada to raise money - for Cancer research. Not long after, several girls canvassed for the United Way along Elm Ave. This work is often time-consuming and frustrating but the girls' assistance was greatly appreciated. Next on the list was Ramabai Week during which we raised \$1500.00. A special thanks is to be given to 12R4 who raised \$120.00 with their amazing sundae sale, and the residence girls who raised \$183.00 with their rocking chair 'rockathon'.

At Christmas, we collected a fantastic number of gifts for the Yonge Street Mission.

In the spring we sold roses for the Canadian Heart Fund, carnations for the Multiple Sclerosis Society and held our annual Strawberry Tea.

This year the committee was the largest it has ever been. Everyone's support was tremendous, and without it, the year would not have been as successful as it was. Thank you, Mrs. Davidovac and the executive, for your much needed guidance.

Kathleen Slater

The day will come when my body will lie upon a white sheet neatly tucked under four corners of a mattress located in a hospital busily occupied with the living and the dying. At a certain moment a doctor will determine that my brain has ceased to function and that for all intents and purposes my life has stopped.

When that happens, do not attempt to instil artificial life into my body by the use of a machine. And don't call this my deathbed. Let it be called the Bed of Life, and let my body be taken from it to help others lead fuller lives.

Give my sight to a man who has never seen a sunrise, a baby's face, or love in the eyes of a woman. Give my heart to a person whose own heart has caused nothing but endless days of pain. Give my blood to the teenager who was pulled from the wreckage of his car, so that he might live to see his grandchildren play. Give my kidneys to one who depends upon a machine to exist. Take my bones, every muscle, every fibre and nerve in my body and find a way to make a crippled child walk.

Explore every corner of my brain. Take my cells if necessary, and let them grow so that some day a speechless boy will shout at the crack of a bat, and a deaf girl will hear the sound of rain against her window.

Burn what is left of me and scatter the ashes to the winds to help the flowers grow.

If you must bury something, let it be my faults, my weaknesses and all prejudice against my fellow man.

If you wish to remember me, do it with a kind deed or word to someone who needs you. If you do all I have asked, I will live forever.

The Canadian Cancer Society



Give it more than a thought.

Some might say it's because of the t-shirts they joined and because of the doughnuts they stayed. All I can say is that no matter what it was that possessed this year's members of the drama club to join and help out, thank you all. All their efforts in the three productions: the Christmas Play, "The Importance of Being Earnest," and "Hooray For Hollywood," are much appreciated, and made my job as head of such a fantastic bunch a lot of fun.

A great deal of that appreciation is directed towards the efforts of Mrs. Smith who, when faced with any problem, seemed to solve it.

Because of these efforts, we had another dramatically successful year. Personally, anyone who is uninterested in sharing this dramatic experience doesn't know what she's missing!

Take care, buddies!

Gwen Baillie

When I was given the honor of being head of debating this year, I set myself two goals: to make this year successful and to make it fun and interesting for everyone.

The big opportunity came on Nov. 15, when Branksome was the first girls' school to host the Fulford Cup Tournament. All our efforts were worth it as it was a big success.

We hosted various debates against boys' schools, organized class and clan debates and initiated resolution contests. Naturally, we put our best foot forward in the Metros and other major tournaments.

To coin an old cliché: All's well that ends well. Special thanks to our coaches, Mrs. Zommers and Mrs. McRae and Mrs. Levitt and the executive, Margot Wright and Lili Hollinrake.

Debating forever!

Sim



LIBRARY



A shaft of light cuts through the silent darkness, emerging from beneath a closed door. The door opens slowly, revealing a blinding brilliance which engulfs the room within. Finally adjusting to the brightness, one perceives a young girl bent over her books, earnestly engrossed in her work. The light burns on into the wee hours of the morn.

The sun rises slowly, almost painfully, bringing light and colour to the dullness of the early morning. The sun's rays stream faintly from under the closed door. The door opens slowly, revealing a small office engulfed in glass. Within, a tall, slim woman works, her actions silenced by the glass. Her fingers fly expertly over the keys of the typewriter, and she places books in methodical stacks on the desks and tables, making repairs with a gentle hand to those which have become old and worn. Turning her back to the glass walls, she attends to her book files, ever persistent and efficient.

The day wears on. Muffled murmurs and the rustling of papers escape from beneath the door. The

door opens slowly, revealing a large group of girls occupied with activity. Some work diligently at their separate places, some search the card catalogues for the ultimate book that will unfold the mysteries of their research topics, and still others labor between the tall shelves, returning books and magazines to their assigned places. Each one of them carries out her duty with responsibility and dedication.

As the day draws on, the light slowly fades. The last book has been placed snugly amongst the others, and the tall woman has lovingly made sure that all is in the precise order. The door closes slowly, leaving behind a storehouse of learning, ready to be tackled again when the dawn comes. Only the blinding light burns beneath the door.

Jill Palmer.

This year the Library club has been terrific. Thanks to the Library club members, the library has been kept in full operation. Each member is required to go to the library once a week and stamp date-due cards, shelve books or card books. Thanks members, especially Melissa and Martha.

Vincenza D'antoni and Jennifer Patchett



Head: Martha Younger. Adviser: Mrs. Blake.

The huge crew of enthusiastic reporters who battled their way through tests, homework and fatigue to bring you your newspaper will be difficult to surpass in the years to come. And of course, we musn't forget those ladies in the office. Special thanks to our Editor-in-chief, Mrs. Blake, and the typists.

THE BORED OF EDUCATION

The Bored of Education is pleased to announce the successful completion of the fiscal year ending June 1981. Senior members of the Bored include C. McHugh, (Chairman), E. Cunietti, (Honorary Chairman), K. Zimmerman, (President), M. Leman, (Executive Vice-President), H. el Baroudi, (Vice-President), S. Farrow (Future President), A. Duncan, (Assistant to the Vice-President).

In association with its subsidiary, The Homework Club, the Bored voted unanimously in favour of the abolishment of the following: trigonometric functions, Jacksonian Democracy, Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley, the sublime, Gross National Product and polar co-ordinates. Further recommendations included: extended lunch, shortened periods, extended spares, shortened prayers, extended holidays and shortened exams.

Many thanks to those teachers who helped inspire the formation of this organization.

C. McHugh, Chairman

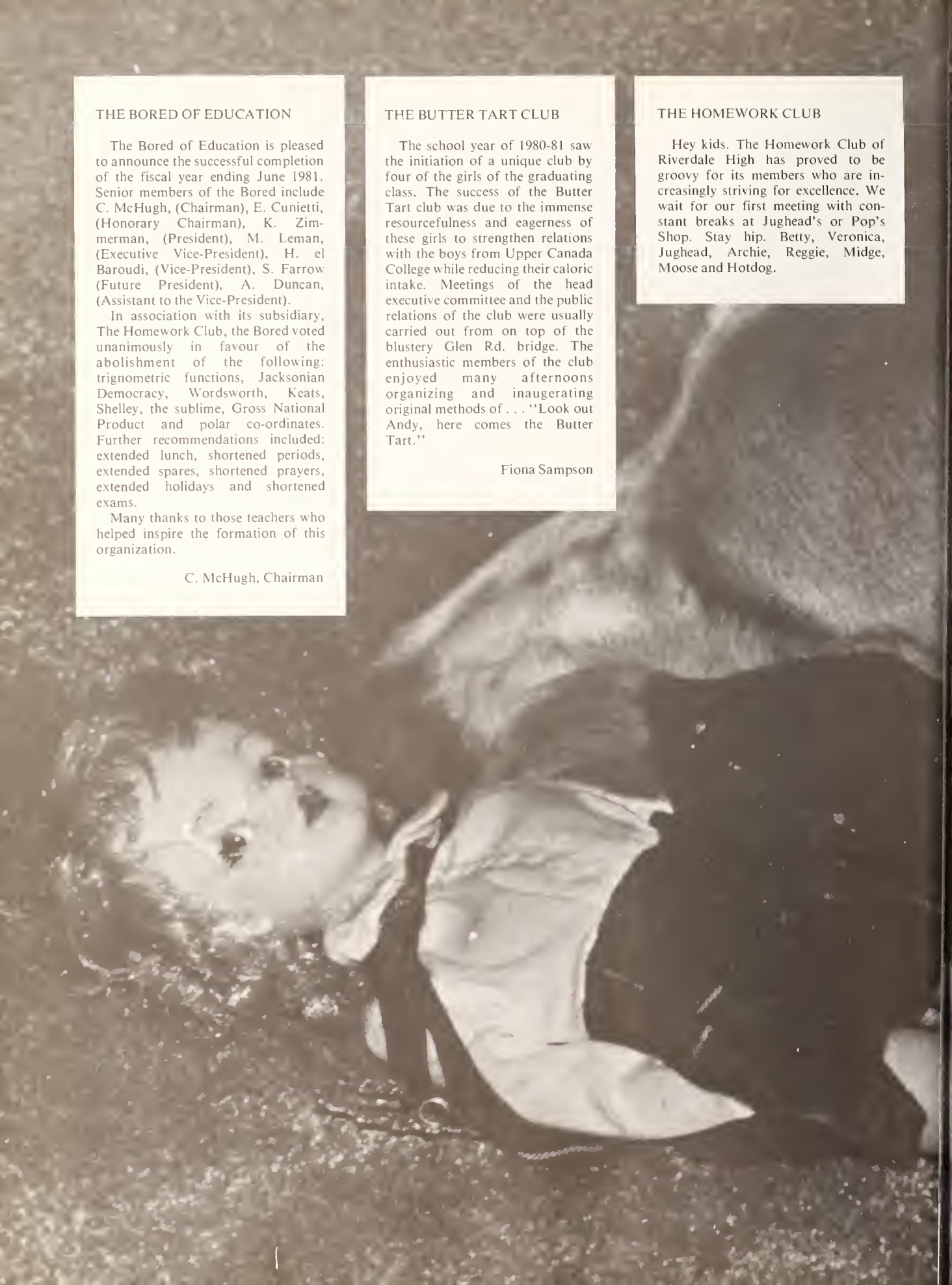
THE BUTTER TART CLUB

The school year of 1980-81 saw the initiation of a unique club by four of the girls of the graduating class. The success of the Butter Tart club was due to the immense resourcefulness and eagerness of these girls to strengthen relations with the boys from Upper Canada College while reducing their caloric intake. Meetings of the head executive committee and the public relations of the club were usually carried out from on top of the blustery Glen Rd. bridge. The enthusiastic members of the club enjoyed many afternoons organizing and inaugurating original methods of . . . "Look out Andy, here comes the Butter Tart."

Fiona Sampson

THE HOMEWORK CLUB

Hey kids. The Homework Club of Riverdale High has proved to be groovy for its members who are increasingly striving for excellence. We wait for our first meeting with constant breaks at Jughead's or Pop's Shop. Stay hip. Betty, Veronica, Jughead, Archie, Reggie, Midge, Moose and Hotdog.



JUNIOR DEBATING CLUB

This year our Debating Club was very successful. We had many enthusiastic and promising debators.

In our debates against the grade nines and St. George's College, we did very well and learned a lot.

Mrs. Hay and Mrs. Hollenberg were very helpful and thought of many good exercises to stretch our debating skills to the fullest extent. Overall it was a good year and I hope we have many more like it.

Janice Franklin

JUNIOR DRAMA CLUB

The Christmas Holidays were especially busy ones for our director, Mrs. Ranger, as she spent them writing our production, "The Big Draw." Many girls attended and I know I speak for all of them when I say that it was an experience we will remember and thank the Junior School for. We even had a large turn-out at our Saturday morning practices.

Our afternoon and evening performances turned out to be very good and gave Mrs. Ranger only one or two heart attacks. We hope the audiences enjoyed seeing it as much as we enjoyed putting it on for them.

Thanks again to our director, Mrs. Ranger, and the competent grade seven captain, Susan Hanley, for their constant patience. Good Luck next year.

Katharine Watt



JUNIOR COOKING CLUB

You've all heard the saying "you can't make a silk purse from a sow's ear," but can you make gourmet chefs out of twenty messy, undomesticated seventh and eighth graders?

This year two very brave teachers, Mrs. Thompson and Miss Northgrave, decided to give it a try (with the help of a few grade thirteen students).

Every Thursday afternoon, from 3:30-4:30, we put on aprons and made everything from Branksome Hall crunchies to Pizza. The real test was on the last day when we made our own spaghetti dinner with sundaes for dessert. When the doors opened after clean-up, out walked twenty gourmet chefs. Congratulations, Mrs. Thompson and Miss Northgrave.

Jennifer Hinder



Writing Club



French Club Photo
Fiona Dightan



Senior Choir Members: Top Left Picture: 2nd Soprano. Back Row: Allison Huycke, Janet Cade, Heather Montgomery, Gwen Baillie. Bottom Row: Kathy Fullerton, Simonetta Lanzi, Lisa Matthews, Debbie Chambers. Top Right Picture: 1st Soprano. Back Row: Cheryl Sasveld, Sarah Taylor, Diane Dempsey, Suzanne Toro. Middle Row: Christel Helwig, Stephanie Toro, Heather Lewis. Bottom Row: Marci Hartill, Vicki Cramer. Centre Right Picture: Alto. Back Row: Barb Ward, Isobel Calvin, Olivia Sampson, Diane McNeill. Bottom Row: Margot Wright, Christie Baillie, Kirsten Munro, Laura Wilson. Bottom Right Picture: Junior School Choir group.



CHOIR

The Junior School Choir

This year there are 48 members in the choir. The rehearsals are on Monday afternoons at 3:30 sharp. They are held in the Senior School music room. Mrs. Schuyler was very good at getting us organized for the school's Carol Service, and we will be sorry to see her go. We are expecting to have a greater turnout for the choir next term.

Gillian Dinning

The Senior School Choir

We were off in a flash . . . try outs, cold sweats, rehearsals were all scheduled. The choir this year was not only a chirping young group, but one that was talented and competent. They had a high standard to keep up to, and because they were determined, they managed to be a success again. You should have seen them at the R.O.M. Their next step should have been Broadway, but Mr. Jordon said that that would come next year.

I leave too soon, but not too soon to have earned unforgettable memories of a fun group of people who chose me as their leader. I hope that I will leave behind some pleasant memories. I hope, too, that I have conveyed to you my love for music.

Adieu and may the sun shine forever.

Your Pres. -
Vicki Cramer

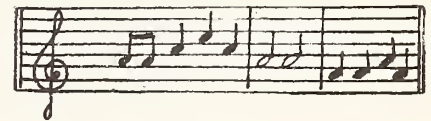
MUSIC CLUB

This year has been the most successful year for The Music Club. We made our first debut performing in prayers and the response was appreciated and encouraging. The Music Club is open to any girl with musical interests and it consists of people who play a variety of instruments. We hope to eventually encourage all the talented musicians in the school, and especially those in the younger grades to participate. We are looking forward to our first music night, which will be held in March. This evening will give many the opportunity to perform.

Much of our appreciation goes to Mr. Jordon and Mrs. Strangway for their support and guidance and to Rebecca Upjohn, our president.

We hope that we have finally created a music club that will continue at Branksome and play an important part in school life.

Janet Cade





WINTER



Jane Horrer skiing in Switzerland.



BRANKSOME'S FIRST SKI TEAM

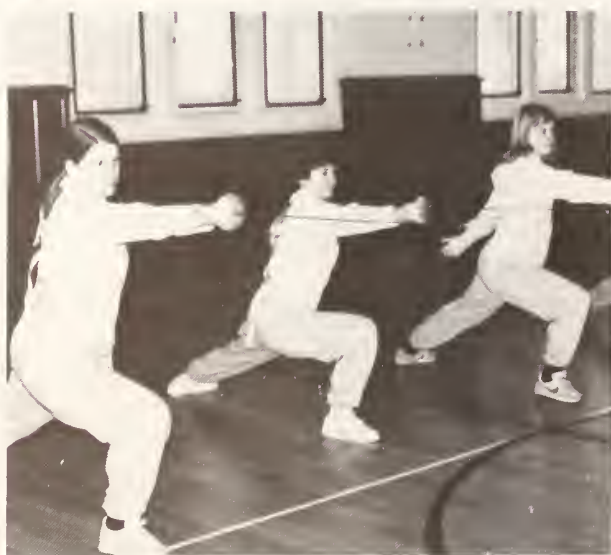
On Monday, February 9th, 1981 Branksome sent a ski team to the T.D.C.A.A.'s at Blue Mountain, Collingwood. There were two runs in both Slalom and Giant Slalom and the best time from each was counted. After the Giant Slalom in the morning, we were tied for first with St. Joe's, Islington and Havergal was behind with one point. It was the Slalom in the afternoon that clinched the first place for us. All six racers placed in the top ten. The racers were:

Jennifer Huycke
Kathryn Buleychuk
Megan Long
Suzanne Long
Tory Russell
Diane Dempsey.

After winning the T.D.C.A.A.'s it was on to Edelweiss, Quebec for the Ontario Finals on February 19th and 20th, 1981. After the first day of competition (two runs of Slalom) Branksome was tied for second. Both Maureen Dempsey and Kathryn Buleychuk placed in the top fifteen and Diane Dempsey and Judy McLeish helped the team to a strong standing. The next day we ran the Giant Slalom. Unfortunately, to qualify, each team has to have three finishers in each race and only Maureen Dempsey and Kathryn Buleychuk finished (in the top ten mind you). Diane Dempsey and Martha McCarthy both skied very strong first runs.

Over-all we finished eighth out of twenty-six schools - not too bad for our first year. Thanks to everyone who skied at both the T.D.C.A.A.'s and O.F.S.S.A. Next year we'll be sure to bring home the Gold.

Kathryn Buleychuk



FENCING



The fourteen's Volleyball team this year was fantastic. There was a lot of enthusiasm from all the team members and everyone enjoyed herself thoroughly. All of the practices were well attended and it paid off because we had a very successful season.

We had a very well-balanced team. There were a few good servers, some super bumpers, excellent volleyers and one or two good spikers. All together the team played smoothly, thanks to Mrs. Blake. She was an excellent coach and taught us some new techniques. The season was great for all of us.

Kathy Fullerton

VOLLEYBALL

"Get under it." "Use your finger tips." "Set." These are familiar sayings that the fifteen's team hears twice a week for an hour and a half. Our team of ten works hard with enthusiasm and has a great deal of fun too. The work can be hard but with all the comedians on the team, all practices are fun. We did extremely well this season with the coaching of Mrs. Glennie. "Block that ball."

Marci Hartill

For the past few years Branksome has been known to have the top Volleyball team, and because of this we are anticipating keeping up our reputation. Although there are crucial moments in many games we always manage to pull through. This year should prove to be more exciting and challenging due to the addition of teams from Hamilton, Oshawa and Pickering.

All of this would not be possible without the fine coaching and enthusiasm displayed at all times by Miss Riggan. Good Luck - have a fantastic season.

Ingrid Taylor



BADMINTON



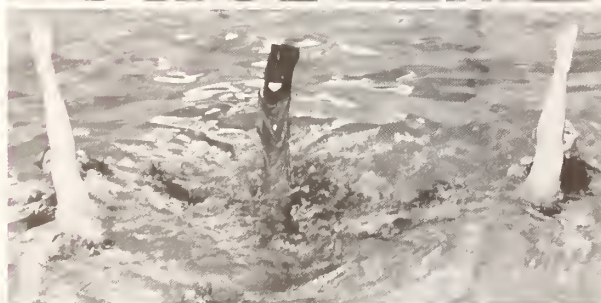
This year the badminton season seems to be on the upswing. We have not only gained players with experience, courtesy of the Junior School, but we have also gained practising time. All three teams were made up of players with very good fundamental strokes. This enabled us to use the precious time we were given to work on bird placement.

Practices worked out to be twice a week for each team from 7:50 a.m. to 8:30 every week. All three teams were involved in at least one round robin and we hope to send at least eight players to compete in the T.D.C.A.A. tournament.

Special thanks go to Ms. McLeod, Mrs. Kizoff, Mrs. Jennings and a very dedicated 14's team.

Paula Doyle

SYNCHRO



It has been a great year for the synchronized team. There are many enthusiastic members. The team has worked especially hard to make competitions fun and successful. There were many practices before school, at lunch and after school, in which many hours spent trying to figure out and perfect the various routines we performed throughout the year.

In this year's spring swim show, there were many new and exciting techniques to make it an all round success. The members include: Sue Sheridan, Laurie Hrushowy, Martha Paisley, Mary Morden, Martha Younger, Kelly Hawke, Jane Mitchell, Julie Allan, Andrea Whiteacre. We never could have made it without Mrs. Lumsdon's help.

Julie Allan



DRAMA PRODUCTION

Regarding the theatre, our beloved school was delightfully blessed this year with the wit and humour of the renowned Oscar Wilde in the attempted professional production of "The Importance of being Earnest" as performed by the Branksome Hall Drama Club. I doubt we could have managed without some of the generous contributions - cucumber sandwiches, tea, cake, muffins, bread and butter - and though it was a tight squeeze into the costumes, the show went on successfully.

In addition to the talents of both the actors and the people behind the scenes, we were introduced to the talents of singers and dancers who performed in our musical show, "Hooray for Hollywood," an interesting collaboration of musical numbers from various Hollywood movies and shows. Being successful, it had a powerful reception and was . . . well, it was . . . well, to put it simply, there is no simple way of putting it. Thanks to all who helped out.

Gwen Baillie

HOCKEY

Team Members from Left to Right: Signy Eaton, Vicky Bassett, Kathy Stinson, Bonnie Barnes, Beverley Hicks-Lyne, Jill Wigle, Erin Finn, Aundre Speciale.



Undefeated for two years is a pretty hard standard to keep up but hopefully we will make it undefeated for three years. We have a very promising team with some really strong skaters.

So far we have games scheduled with our old rivals, Havergal and B.S.S. We are hoping to add a rematch against Osgoode Hall Law School's team and a debut game against the University of Toronto's girls team. Kathy Stinson, our manager, is doing a great job organizing the games.

This year we have two coaches, Robin Collins (who has coached for the past two years) and Mr. Kizoff has volunteered his services. How can we possibly lose?

I hope this year will be as great as the last with a lot of support and enthusiasm from the players as well as from the spectators.

Beverley Hicks-Lyne

REMEMBRANCE DAY SERVICE

On Tuesday, November 11th, a traditional Remembrance Day Service, run by the Prefects, was held in place of the usual morning prayers. This event is always special because of the fact that it is one of the very few moments when we recall and are able to appreciate the actions taken by both men and women who fought and died for our country during the wars. This service is significant for many, especially to those individuals whose pasts have been marred by the loss of family members during the war years.

The Remembrance Day Service is a valuable and important event in the school year.

Katie London



On November 6, 1980 two young dancers from the National Ballet School gave a ballet demonstration at Branksome Hall. Betty Oliphant, Director and Principal of the school, gave us a brief introduction and history on ballet during the pirouettes, allegros and enchainments of the dancers.

The National Ballet School was founded in 1959 to train young Canadians under conditions that ensure academic development as well as professional training in dance.

With hours of practice, tremendous strain on the body, rehearsals, self discipline, concentration and the strength of an athlete, the life of a dancer is very difficult.

The National Ballet School has produced beautiful, talented dancers including Karen Kain, Vanessa Harwood, Frank Augustyn and many other successful graduates.

The two dancers who performed for us were promising and dedicated dancers. We wish them the best in the future and our congratulations to Betty Oliphant and her successful school which is known throughout the world.

Martha Yaneff





THE CAROL SERVICE

Well, another year has gone by and so has another famous Branksome Hall Service. This year was quoted by Miss Roach as being the best carol service she has ever heard since she became involved with BHS. Once again, it was a festive service including our all-time favourites, "See Amid the Winter Snow" and, of course, our angels, shepherds and Three Wise Men. (What happened to the incense?!).

It's been great to see all of the parents, friends and Alumnae members come to St. Paul's Church annually to hear the Branksome girls sing their little Christmas hearts out!!! Special congratulations must go to Suzanne Toro for her performance of "O Holy Night."

We also must not forget the Junior School Choir who so bravely performed "Gloria In Excelsis Deo." It was terrific!

We must also give a very special thanks to Mr. Jordan for his constant patience and for contributing so much of his time to make our Carol Service a success. I don't think I'll ever forget "the brick." So again, thanks to Mr. Jordan and, of course, to all of us BHS students who so flawlessly remembered our words!!

Heidi Ambrose



CHRISTMAS



FOREIGN TRAVEL

Departure Date - March 21st . . .
Air Maroc to Casa Blanca - "Play it again Old Sam" -

On to exotic CAIRO - El Nile overlooking the NILE RIVER - walking along the banks of the Nile. Hours spent in the Egyptian Museum - And the bazaar - bargains, bargains and bargains -

Yes, as instructed we were tough - Sphinx - Pyramids - Abu Simbel - And a memorable felucca ride - Valley of the Kings - Funeral Processions - strolling oxen - Put Toronto's worst traffic jams to shame -

We found our lipsticks and nail polish were very popular tips -

At times we were uniformly dressed in our cotton galabias -

One of our party did not heed to the perfume warning - Yes, the fragrance did disappear "with the first whisps of a desert wind"

20 experts? Camel - riders returned - Why can't Branksome introduce camel riding as an extracurricular activity?

A tanned group did return but not with a typical Florida tan!! Liz Stuart, Kathleen Pilley and Mrs. Hay.

LAKE PLACID

Long before the world skied Whiteface, Lake Placid, Branksome Hall did. Last February the top skiers, skaters, hockey players and bobsledders of the world assembled at Lake Placid, New York to compete in the Olympics; yet each year forty Branksome girls have gathered in Lake Placid in February to utilize their outstanding winter sports facilities.

Branksome skiers and tobogannners have proved a sense of courage and dedication to skiing and winter alike only to that of Steve Podborski and Ken Read, when we challenged Whiteface Mountain in record low temperatures of -58°.

Meeting the Swiss ski team and the French bobsledding teams were other highlights of this adventure in the Adirondacks.

The success of the 1980 Winter Olympics at Lake Placid was due to the officials of the Organizing Committee who gave so freely their time to make the games possible.

Thanks should go to Mrs. Hay, our own Organizing Committee, who has so successfully made the Branksome Hall Lake Placid trip possible.

Fiona Sampson





BUCCLEUCH HOUSE

How could one describe what boarding really is? Well, here's a brief version of it . . .

This year was a year of laughter, tears, endless fights, love stories, blasting music, special allowance slips, dinner leaves, midnight parties, love letters from secret admirers, ice-cube fights, fractured legs, 7:45 a.m. rise, burning the midnight oil for exams, posters galore, boys, gymnastics, skiing, endless phone lists, pizza, ribs, chinese food . . .

The other part is serious, like coping with dying pets, loved ones, being serious when you feel guilty about something done wrong, endless talks about wishing to be home, and the first few experiences of church.

It has been a great experience with all fifteen girls from different places, different languages and styles of living. Buccleuch has had the two greatest housemothers who tried to put up with our foolishness and complaints twenty-four hours a day.

Well, that's our life.

Take Care.

Yu-Pin Khoo,
Gina Smith,
Rachel Sutherland

President: Sabrina Mitchellle
Social Convenor: Celia MacDougall



SHERBORNE HOUSE

In the rather large, white house that is located on the corner of Mount Pleasant and Elm Avenue, live twenty-four girls from many parts of the world.

To look after these twenty-four enthusiastic girls are two housemothers and one Don. Miss Kalsatos is our new housemother while Mrs. Milonas and Miss Reynolds, our Don, have been with us for a while. We also have two cats, Dinah and Annabel, and their "mon," Miss Reid, living among us.

I feel that the most fun we have had together was at our Christmas party just before the Christmas break. Some of the girls decided to go skating at City Hall, while others stood silently in the candle-lit air paying their respects to the late John Lennon. Later that evening the girls retired to the common room to have hot chocolate and donuts and to open the Christmas presents from their Secret Santas.

All in all, I think Sherborne can be considered a very happy family this year and I hope that future years can be the same.

Peggy Stewart

President: Peggy Stewart
Social Convenor: Erin Finn



AINSLIE HOUSE

To become an Ainslieite, one must follow a certain set of rules, and pass a number of tests. After following these rules:

1. Bed no earlier than 12:00 p.m.
2. Up no earlier than 8:00 a.m.
3. Studying not to exceed half an hour, the other two hours? Well . . .
4. Dominate the phone from 8:30-10:00 p.m.
5. No listening to radio unless on maximum volume.
6. No less than three hours of soaps/day.
7. Must order at least one pizza five times a week.
8. Time must not be wasted on tedious activities, eg. making bed.
9. Absolutely mandatory that one has a good time.

You are qualified to become an Ainslieite.

The Management.

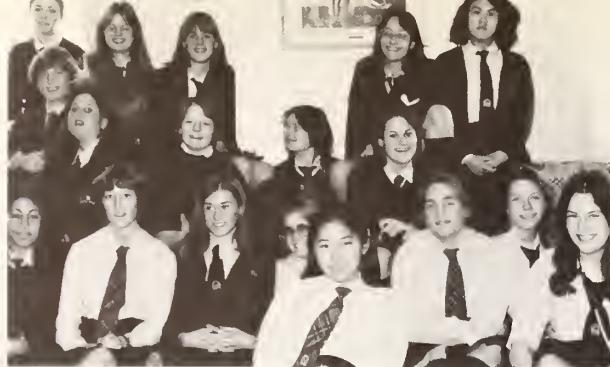
Well here's to you Fei-Fei, Ruth, Gwen, Ellen, Vicki, Carolyn, Donnelly, Jennifer, Anita, Bonnie, Caird, Sue, Edith, Kim, Diane, Pam, Shoeba, Mindy, Sky, Chris, Bobbie Lynn, Shaenie, Michele, Lesley, it's been one great year.

Once again, we've proved that Ainslie is the best house by midnight feasts, laughter, diets and bets, poker, being the "gils" (pizza), togetherness and generally causing mischief. The particulars in our life include: Asterix, ants, mash, outback, telephone calls, bells, the sheet family and our Santa Claus. We have also achieved an incredible feat: room study for all. None of this could have been possible without the help and patience of our housemothers: Mrs. Glancy, Mrs. Dickens, Miss Donald and Mrs. Hay.

Seriously though . . . um . . . , is Ainslie serious? Stay tuned next year to find out . . . Please excuse the cliché, but it has been great!

Mary and Robin

*President: Mary Gayner
Social Convenor: Robin Howell*



With twenty-seven girls living on one floor together, one soon becomes tolerant of others. The never-ending line for the telephone sorts itself out in one way or another: either by calm compromise or by violent measures.

Door duty, kitchen duty and house meetings were all tasks that were begrudgingly performed. These all had to be done in order for the house to work, and in the end, the duties were done well.

Two understanding housemothers and a house Don helped us through the traumas of missing a call from a boy friend or, most important, exams. These people helped relieve the tension when exams came around.

It is amazing how much of an impact twenty-seven girls can have on the school. Most of the girls couldn't take the excitement of the Christmas holidays, and checked into the infirmary because of a flu bug. The housemothers caught the "after Christmas blues" bug, and it was left to the rest of the girls in the house to discipline each other.

Well girls, we've almost come to the end of our last year. I only hope you'll remember McNeill as a happy memory, and a lot of laughter.

*President: Pam Moorhouse
Social Convenor: Jane Tyner*

*Buckleuch Liaison: Helen Graham
Sherborne Liaison: Suzanne Toro
Ainslie Liaison: Lisa Molle*

McNEILL HOUSE



BINDU

RESIDENCE PREFECT

Memories are like nothingness,
Still existing when everything is gone.
They are tied up in our inner cores,
our very depths, our souls.
And when we are done and over,
And nowhere to be found,
Memories will fill the emptiness.

If I had to do it all over again, I would do it no other way. Thank you so much B.H.S. I feel joy and I feel gladness, but yet, I feel sorrow and some pain. I do not want to say this, but I will be leaving just the same, so farewell my friends, au revoir, auf wiedersehen!

Bindu Dennis



KA WANO'S KREW

Miss Kawano and the kitchen staff have made the cafeteria meals more nutritious than ever before. There is a salad plate available to any keen dieter and there are apples, oranges, celery, and carrot sticks too. The chocolate milk has been negated from the cafeteria nutrition plan, as it is not as wholesome as the 2 % or skim milk offered. Often there are hearty stews and hot desserts for those cold winter days.

Miss Kawano is looking into our futures with a great nutrition plan.

Miss Kawano, Dietitian

This year's cleaning staff have done an excellent job keeping the school in top shape. We are glad that all the brooms and mops were not misplaced by any ambitious or mischievous students. We are also glad that many students respected the quality of the new rugs and furniture and that everything is still just as new. Thanks to everyone's co-operation and determination to keep the school clean, Claudia's crew is a happy gang.

CLAUDIA'S CREW





SCHOOL PERSONNEL From Left to Right: N.K. Sharpe, Mrs. Margot Leman, Mrs. Phyllis Ralph, Mrs. Kay Adams, Miss Shirley Duperley, Mrs. Margaret Emery.



WORKMEN: Mr. Savoie, Mr. Ramsden, Mr. Preston.



NURSES: Miss Patricia Kitley, Mrs. Muriel MacDonald.



Mrs. Lucile Ellins



Miss Edith Holt

Miss Edith Holt was born and educated in England. During the Second World War, she worked as a V.A.D., later joining the staff of a Residential School near Manchester.

With her brother, she immigrated from Britain to Canada in 1955. For sixteen years she was on the staff of Trafalgar School in Montreal where, for part of that time she acted as Head Matron.

Since joining us here in 1973, she has been a valuable member of Staff, particularly in Buccleuch House. May she have good health and happiness in her retirement.

It is by no means difficult to laud the fourteen years of teaching as well as the fourteen piano recitals supervised by Mrs. Ellins. Indeed, the Branksome community has been the beneficiary of one who has impressed the love of music upon many.

It is difficult to realize that Mrs. Ellins will not be at Buccleuch House to welcome those students, who, in the past, have gained so much from her warm and enthusiastic approach to teaching.

Fourteen Elm will be silent of her graciousness and devotion to music.

The old saying, "To be in a rut," has many implications, some positive, some negative. In Ruth Upjohn's case, it has been a very positive groove, namely - Branksome Hall School.

Ruth first entered B.H.S. in Grade 7, and apart from two digressions, she has been unable to leave for fifty-eight years. She went through the required grades, then took a two year course at the Margaret Eaton School, followed by a summer course at Teachers' College, Columbia University, New York. Emerging with a Teacher's Certificate, she taught kindergarten at Havergal College for two and a half years. But this was not home to her, and when Miss Edith Read, the principal of B.H.S., asked her to start a nursery school in 1940, she accepted with alacrity.

After the war, the nursery school was changed to a junior and senior kindergarten, and has continued that way under her guidance up to the present day.

Coming from a family of nature and bird-lovers, Ruth brought a great knowledge of these pursuits to her class. She also acquired great physical stamina from her training at the Margaret Eaton School. These were important assets in her work with young children.

She is admired for her understanding and love of all the children who have been in her care. There have been many, many letters from parents who have appreciated what Ruth had done for their offspring. One sentence from a letter will sum it up - "I, as a mother, will remember you, Ruth, for that remarkable sense of tradition, discipline, and values, which we must never lose . . ."



Mrs. Ruth Upjohn

Madame Menc will always be affectionately remembered by the Branksome community. Both the girls and the Staff have been heartened by her warm personality, have delighted in her quick sallies of wit and have responded with peals of laughter to her anecdotes.

Hers is a distinguished French scholarship; degrees from the University of Liège, Belgium (her native country), the University of Paris, France and the University of Toronto. Madame Menc has committed this excellence of learning to her students. She has devoted herself to opening the minds of students to a love of style, of history, of the vast French culture, and of the arts of reasoning exactly, of writing correctly and speaking eloquently.

Always elegant, Mme Menc has been, par excellence, the keeper of the Branksome tie and at the Christmas Carol Services has deftly and swiftly restored to perfection the uniform of the school.

Her theatrical talents have rejoiced her classes, whether it is acting out the antics of a washing machine or the majesty of the text of a letter by Madame de Sévigné, describing the political situation in France under Louis XIV.

Madame Menc has lightened the heart and enlightened the spirit of us all. She has "une jeunesse de coeur et d'esprit." We shall miss her and we wish her well.



Mme Marie-Louise Menc

K A T E

HEAD OF INTRAMURAL ACTIVITIES

It is always hard to change things that have been a tradition for so long. In the past, Branksome has had two systems of organization: the class and the clan. This year, we decided that in order to encourage intraschool spirit and participation and in order to develop closely knit units of students of all ages, one system had to be eliminated. All intramural activities, whether they be sports, contests or social events now centre around the clan. The aim of the chieftains this year was to foster a strong feeling of unity within each clan by increased participation and involvement. Grade representatives and activity committees were initiated in order to give each member responsibilities within the clan. Things do not improve overnight. It will take hard work from the entire school.



H E A T H E R

JUNIOR SCHOOL SPORTS CAPTAIN

This year's activities were supported with many enthusiastic people. Without the help of Miss Pearson, our basketball team wouldn't have been undefeated. Hope's hopscotch tournament got everyone going. Thanks Hope. I really enjoyed this year. Keep up the good work, Branksome.



Campbell's spirit appears to be immortal, judging from the past years and the present one. S.L. and M.H. entertained us with their animal tales at the Clan Party that was held after the gathering. H.A. helped us dribble our way to success in basketball. Campbell ran its way through the cross-country meet and placed third. In the baking competition we produced #1 entries. When Campbell's brains were put together we cooked up a storm in the brainstorming lunches. We were extremely fortunate to have Martha as our sub. Each and every one of you helped us get where we are today.

Chieftain: Mary Morden

Sub-Chieftain: Martha Wilson

Back Row, Grade 13: Sue Le Feuvre, Jill Palmer, Liz Joiner, Tracy Dalglish, Helen El Baroudi, Bev Hicks-Lyne, Grade 12: Andrea Mori, Julia Baillie, Simonetta Lanzi, Martha Younger. Third Row, Grade 12: Mary Morden (Chieftain), Christie Baillie, Martha Dingle, Leslie Catalano, Anita Dayal, Amanda Worley. Grade 11: Katey Corbett, Cassandra Roncarelli, Janice Loudon. Second Row, Grade 10: Ileana Ramos, Kim Roberts. Grade 11: Sandra Cusak, Roberta Joiner, Erika Ness, Dianne Corley, Maggie Hermant, Martha Wilson. Front Row, Grade 9: Jennifer McNab, Susan Higgins, Jennifer Priest, Jennifer Ridpath, Heidi Ambrose, Tory Hackett, Michelle McArthur.





Back Row, Grade 13: Kathleen Slater, Andrea Whiteacre, Kathy Stewart, Anne Yendell. Fourth Row, Grade 12: Kelly Hawke (Chieftain), Kate Trusler, Kathy Douglas, Kathy Stinson, Kati Hickl-Szabo, Nancy Leonard, Margot Wright, Nancy Vernon, Mary Gayner. Third Row, Grade 11: Kelly White, Jill Curtis, Wendy Buchanan, Sarah Teskey, Beth Burrows. Second Row, Grade 9: Allison Huycke. Grade 10: Christine Stait-Gardner, Morna Robertson. Front Row, Grade 9: Kari Burrows, Victoria Walker, Jackie Churcher, Cynthia Swinden, Catriona Padmore, Michele Skelly.

Over the past few years the Douglas standings have improved tremendously. We're on our way to victory thanks to energetic support from everyone, especially the younger grades. We may not always be number one on the charts but in spirit and sportsmanship, Douglas can't be beaten. New events such as the cross-country run and the baking contest resulted in an enthusiastic turnout. Basketball and volleyball were very competitive. The loyal contribution and dynamic influence of our subbie Sarah Teskey led us to unanimously conclude that Douglas is a clan to be proud of.

Chieftain: Kelly Hawke

Sub-Chieftain: Sarah Teskey





It's been a super year for clan spirit. Over the past few years the clan spirit had not been what it has hoped to be but this year our spirit and enthusiasm is growing and we are fighting our way to the top. The enthusiasm shown by the grade 9's and 12's was tremendous. I'd like to give special recognition to Olivia Sampson, Ingrid Taylor and Vera Lo. In November 1980, we had our sub-chieftain nominees. We were rewarded with Stephanie Toro who helped tremendously and gave great support. Thanks, MacGregor, for a memorable and interesting year.

Chieftain: Karen Taylor

Sub-Chieftain: Stephanie Toro

Back Row: Karen Taylor (Chieftain). Grade 13: Victoria Graham, Judy MacGowan, Janet Cade, Anne Emonson, Heather Irving, Sue Herold, Suzanne Toro, Kate Bingham. Fourth Row, Grade 12: Michelle Blundell, Ingrid Taylor, Heidi Levitt, Lili Hollinrake, Susan Quaggin, Lisa Matthews, Vera Lo. Third Row, Grade 11: Shelagh Larkin, Stephanie Toro, Linda Schabereiter, Diane Pathy. Second Row, Grade 10: Valerie Korinek, Dora Lin, Sarah Taylor, Kate Dafoe, Ruth Beatty, Karen Thomson. Front Row, Grade 9: Beth Endean, Susan MacGregor, Olivia Sampson, Lisa Parker, Jo-Ann Hill, Wendy Robertson.





Back Row, Grade 13: Martha Allan, Sheila MacMillan, Maureen Dempsey, Laurie Gunton, Fiona Sampson, Margy MacMillan, Natalie Buchanan. Fourth Row, Grade 12: Standing: Lanny Dawson, (Chieftain). Sitting: Vicky Cramer, Nancy Martin, Meribeth Reid, Jennifer Purdon, Sarah Chisolm, Bubba Lougheed. Third Row, Grade 11: Anne Hardacre, Jennifer Thompson, Kim Cramer, Shoba Chandiramani, Denise Arana, Liz Wall. Second Row, Grade 10: Erin Finn, Jennifer Kim, Jane Connor, Ruth Beattie, Kate Dafoe, Karen Myers, Laura McElwain, Jill Wigle. Grade 9: Jo Parker. Front Row, Grade 9: Caroline Kitchen, Intruder, Miki Tanabe, Sarah Barrington, Virginia Trotter, Pippa Strathy, Wendy Brown, Lynn Dutton.

The combined talents of each member of MacLean give us hope that MacLean will soon be number one. The beginning of the year was slow but with the climbing enthusiasm from each girl, the year has been fun and successful. Congratulations to the sub-chieftain, Julie Fergusson, whose outstanding participation and spirit benefited MacLean very much. Special thanks to Natalie Buchanan and Laurie Gunton for their encouragement. Good luck next year.

Chieftain: Lanny Dawson

Sub-Chieftain: Julie Fergusson





This year the clan involvement has really improved. We seem to have reached our goal; our goal being to get as many students as possible out for the clan activities. The McAlpine clan has done really well in the past and is continuing to do so at present. We won basketball and cross-country. Martha McCarthy, one of our clan members, won overall in the baking contest. Judy McLeish, our sub-chieftain, has done a great job. Well, McAlpine, I guess this is it so stay ahead and keep up the clan spirit.

Chieftain: Heather Allen

Sub-Chieftain: Judy McLeish

Back Row: Heather Allen (Chieftain). Grade 13: Pamela Cattran, Bindu Dennis, Nancy Howson, Kate Wiley, Paula Doyle, Jennifer Gillespie, Sheila Coulter, Katie Lundon, Zenobia Omarali. Fourth Row, Grade 12: Nancy Martin, Anita Lin, Karen Hurrell, Andrea Chlebus, Maryanne Wurtzburg, Karen Stillwell. Third Row, Grade 11: Tory Russell, Fiona Dightam, Judy McLeish, Cathy McCulloch, Sloane Swanson, Sandra Jarvis. Second Row, Grade 10: Susan Gibson, Anna Chan So Yung, Jane Palmer, Cynthia Goodchild, Colleen Doyle, Martha McCarthy, Cynthia Higgins, Andrea Ryder, Sally Pitfield. Front Row, Grade 9: Susan O'Connor, Helen Harrison, Carrie Cameron, Jane Matthews, Kelly Sable, Genevieve Perron, Mary Lissamen, Betsy Britnell, Patty Aziz, Anabelle Fell.



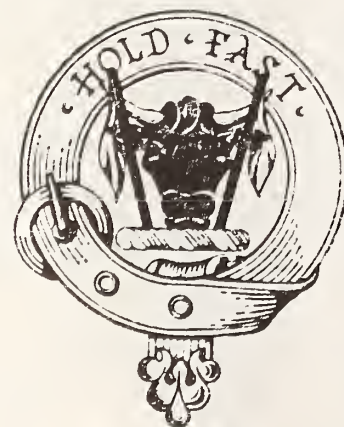


Back Row, Grade 13: Sarah Ondaatje, Susan Rideout, Hope Humphrey, Michelle Leman, Kirsten Munro. Fourth Row, Grade 12: Julie Robertson (Chieftain), Mindy Gibson, Susan Donahue, Heather Harwood-Nash, Kathryn Montgomery, Laurie Hrushowy, Leslie Hore, Robin Howell, Cathy Mastin. Third Row, Grade 11: Jackie Bent, Jody Kayser, Kelly Leman, Katie Rea, Julia Weinstein, Sarah Dinnick, Elizabeth Young. Second Row, Grade 9: Diane Dempsey. Grade 10: Darcy Bett, Heather Montgomery, Margot-Anne Barefoot, Cheryl Sasveld, Theresa Hoefenmayer. Front Row, Grade 9: Pam Vallance, Kelly Richardson, Marianne Harwood-Nash, Jane Leckey, Wendy Spencer, Catherine Needham, Barbara Hall, Susan Andrus.

The fall began with positive thinking and new experiences in clan atmosphere. Win or lose, McLeod did its best. We had a cross-country meet for the first time in clan history and many loyal supporters from all grades came out. The contributions and participation in the bake sales were generous. The support for clan dinners and gatherings were most enthusiastic. Our new grade reps' determination and enthusiasm continued throughout the year. Kelly Leman, our sub-chieftain, was a definite asset to the McLeod clan.

Chieftain: Julie Robertson

Sub-Chieftain: Kelly Leman





This year it was our aim to integrate the clans into the school system more than ever. Our clan had many zealous members who showed their eagerness in all areas of clan activities. Grade elevens were an especially active group which made choosing the sub-chieftain especially difficult. Ann Bunting was a great sub and a great partner to have helping me. We did well in basketball but bowed to McAlpine in the finals. We had a good tennis season. This was a great year for the Ross clan and I hope next year will be even better.

Chieftain: Judy McClure

Sub-Chieftain: Ann Bunting

Back Row, Grade 13: Annie Chee Pun Chiu, Jane Moës, Andrea Duncan, Signy Eaton, Chris Grant, Vicki Bassett. Grade 12: Trish Heward. Third Row, Grade 12: Sarah Chisholm, Judy McClure (Chieftain), Liz Stuart, Kathleen Pilley, Kathryn Buleychuk, Dalene Snyder, Carol Brebner, Lisa Carroll. Second Row, Grade 11: Lindsay Glassco, Ann Bunting, Susie Garay, Janice Wright, Sue Morris. Grade 10: Laura Loewen, Pam Smith, Marcia Hartill, Sheila Ross. Front Row, Grade 9: Torie Wilgar, Julia Avery, Laura Nichols, Megan Long, Maryse Butler, Cath Fairbank, Maria Soriano, Fanny Guillermo, Debbie Farquharson, Heather Massey.





Back Row, Grade 13: Sue Farrow, Heather Lewis, Bryn MacPherson, Petra Baldik, Rebecca Upjohn. Grade 12: Mary Kelton, Wendy Lewer. Fourth Row, Grade 12: Sue Shaw (Chieftain), Susan Taylor, Fei Fei Gin, Donnaly Date, Sarah Mustard, Randi Robertson, Sky Lamiothe. Third Row, Grade 11: Jennifer Lewis, Cathy Larkin, Ginny Kent, Suzanne Long, Julie Zacher. Second Row, Grade 10: Vittoria Solano, Hayley Wymes, M. De Lapenacastra, N. De Lapenacastra, Heather LaFleur, Emily Stephenson. Grade 9: Kathy Lyon, Beth Rush, Hilary Shaw, Allison Huycke, Susie Hore. Front Row, Grade 9: Kirsten Cook, Intruder, Intruder, Cathy Fairbank, Kathy Fullerton, Laura Nichols, Megan Long, Jill Dingle, Maryse Butler, Kelly Sable.

For many years Branksome has had a clan system; however, during the past few years, clan involvement seems to have been apathetic. This year we tried especially hard to encourage clan enthusiasm and support. By hearing the clan's point of view and by introducing new games, activities, and ideas, we hoped to see an increase in the school's enthusiasm and spirit. This new spirit was evident in the participants and supporters of Scott who deep down really cared. Congratulations to our co-sub-chieftains, Suzanne Long and Ginny Kent, who worked together well throughout the year. We may not win every game but we sure try hard.

Chieftain: Sue Shaw

Sub-Chieftains: Suzanne Long and Ginny Kent



PROSPECTS FOR GOLD

At the age of thirteen, Jane Horner began to race in the Southern Ontario Division. The S.O.D. involves racing teams throughout the area. Judging from her race results and series of trails, she was chosen to ski with the S.O.D. training squad in 1978-79. Her results that year were excellent - she was even beating veterans of the league.

Jane's work does not end when the snow melts in March for she works hard at dry land training all summer long, especially in the fall. That summer Jane was off to Solden, Austria for a three week training camp, skiing on glaciers.

The following year, last winter, was just as successful for Jane. The results from more trials put her on the Southern Ontario Division team. This team consisted of Southern Ontario's three best female racers, and a large number of boys. This team participated in many races, including the Pontiac Cup Series, and some races in the States.

To reach the finals in these races, there are qualifications in both the eastern and western parts of Canada. In the finals of these series, Jane placed third in the giant slalom event. That year she received a second and a third in the slalom, and a strong placement in the giant slalom. This gave Jane third overall in the Ontario championships. She won the Southern Ontario Division Cup, leaving her with the best results of any of the girls in the Southern Ontario Division races.

Early this fall Jane was promoted to the Ontario team. The members of this team are selected from all over Ontario, and go to North American races. On November 8th, 1980, Jane returned home from a seven week preseason camp in SaasFee, Switzerland. She left for Colorado at the end of November for more training, and the first races of the season.

It is rare that a skier excels so quickly in racing. It has taken her only two years to get to the Ontario team, and the next step up is the National Team. All the intensive training has not detracted from Jane's school life. She keeps her grades up by working hard and going to summer school. We all wish Jane the best of luck.

Jennifer Huycke and Tory Russell

We are dashing along the 401 in a noisy mini-bus bound for the Provincial cross-country championships. The favourite in the senior girls' division, Kate Wiley, is sitting in the passenger's seat nearest the driver. She is doing her math homework. Through the incessant rhythms of the tape deck and the perilous driving of her coach she sits unperturbed and focusses on her calculus. Eighteen hours later she is OFSAA champion; having switched her focus from derivatives to demolishing a field of 250 of the best female runners in Ontario. A typical weekend for a typical girl.

Kate Wiley's rise to national class status in track and cross-country has been the culmination of hard work and good breeding. As a senior partner in the Wiley running firm, she relies upon her childhood of playing "chase" in the Hockley Hills, a family that churns out winners, and a single-minded determination to fulfill her objectives. As with all champions it is the last factor that is the most critical, and Kate's tremendous investment of energy, time and will in training makes her successes so meaningful.

The achievements have been plentiful. It is probably a backhanded compliment that Branksome Hall doesn't get too excited anymore about a Kate Wiley victory - what's one more city, provincial or national title?! Kate herself is not one to broadcast her own accomplishments and therein lies a great deal of her charm. But as her coach I am allowed to boast that she is making a great impact on middle distant running in this country (and on the people she is encountering along the way), and she is on the threshold of becoming one of Canada's finest young international athletes.

Of course, you all know Kate as a stellar student, and innovative Prefect. It is a credit to her brightness and versatility that she has left such a sparkling record at her school while competing at such an exceptional level in sport. Branksome will follow her progress with interest and pride.

Rodger Wright
Head Coach
Wiley Track Team

MOST LIKELY...

- to return as principal - Sheila Coulter.
- to own Treats, mothering 100 children - Sue Farrow.
- to be mentally exhausted - Margy MacMillan.
- drumming for Supertramp - Signy Eaton.
- to be Signy's backup - Susan Taylor.
- trying to put her fetal pig back together - Paula Doyle.
- burning at the stake - Jane Moës.
- to be a chef in the Yukon - Sandra Brown.
- to marry Prince Andrew - Kate Bingham.
- to be married first - Heidi Newton.
- to be the next partner of Tory, Tory, Deslauriers and Binnington - Sarah Ondaatje.
- to take the money and run - Jennifer Griffiths.
- to rob a bank - Caroline Graham
- to be reconstructing the bridge over troubled waters - Laurie Gunton.
- to be the troll under Laurie's bridge - Katherine Stewart.
- to be knitting for her grandchildren - Christine Grant.
- to have the most kids - Liz Joiner.
- to be the Greenwin Security Guard - Sheila Mac-Millan.
- to be thrown over Glen Rd. bridge with a butter tart - Cathy McHugh.
- to get dentures - Kathleen Slater.
- to go grey first - Laurie Sanderson.
- to become the first woman Prime Minister - Winnie Ng.
- to have the most husbands - Kathryn Liptrott.
- to become the first millionaire - Sophia Kelsick.
- to replace Woody Allen - Lisa Carroll.
- to be a star on Sesame Street - Suzanne Beer (Kermit).
- to be a ski bum in Florida - Zenobia Omarali.
- to be a crossing guard - Bindu Dennis.
- to be having a good time - Trish Heward.
- to be doing Doris Day reruns - Maureen Dempsey.
- to replace the man from Glad - Lanny Dawson.
- to be playing the piano for prayers - Janet Cade.
- to be turning the pages for Janet - Andrea Duncan.
- to replace Mary Walpole - Katie London.
- to replace Jeanne Becker - Tracy Dalglish.
- to be winking on National television - Nancy Howson.
- to be changing bed pans - Janet Hahn.
- to be in her uniform - Debbie Chambers.
- to be teaching nursery school - Andrea Mori.
- to be in a dress - still complaining about it - Dana Bett.
- to own a gourmet restaurant in Toronto - Mary Kelton.
- to be singing Calypso in the subway - Vicki Cramer.
- to be playing with her Matchbox cars on the 401 - Judy MacGowan.
- to be a Disc Jockey for CFTR - Heather Lewis.
- to be gathering nuts for the winter - Hope Humphrey.
- to be first at Hugh Heffner's - Rebecca Upjohn.
- to be with a small revolutionary group in Mongolia - Leslie Cole.
- to run out - Kate Wiley.
- to be the donut queen - Michelle Leman.
- to be a classy country hick - Jacyn Wade.
- to win on the Newlywed game - Petra Baldik.
- to fall over the other side of the mountain - Jane Horner.
- to be a telephone operator - Heather Irving.
- to be writing the book of fun insults - Nancy Knight.
- to be something important - Kate Zimmerman.
- to be breeding golden Retrievers - Martha Allen.
- to be a Ellie homemaker - Eleanora Cunnietti.
- to be secretary for head of Mr. Submarine - Natalie Buchanan.
- to be winning the Nobel Prize in Chemistry - Jane Tyner.
- to be a little bird up high in a banana tree - Suzanne Toro.
- to be owning a health food shop - Clare Palmer.
- to be revising the Dewy Decimal System - Jill Palmer.
- to be the head of the Peace campaign in Saudi Arabia - Bryn MacPherson.
- to be a chauffer in a Mercedes Benz - Jane Mitchell.
- to be cliff diving in the St. Lawrence River - Lisa Molle.
- to replace Zena Cherry with "The Globe" - Kirsten Munro.
- to be a photographer for "City Pulse News" - Sue Herold.
- to live forever - Annie Chee.
- to be a Mazda repair worker - Vicky Bassett.
- to be hitch hiking from Ste. Agath - Sue LeFeuvre.
- to be a midnight deliverer - Helen el Baroudi.
- to be bewitched - Mary Ellen French.
- to be our Nuncle - Fiona Sampson.
- to end.

...GRADS



MARTHA ALLEN: 1969-1981.
MacLean Past Chieftain.

Activities: Swimming, track and field, Junior School Sports Captain and swimming rep.
Ambition: A vet. Probable Destination: Old maid breeding Golden Retrievers on a farm.
The past is past and will never return. The future we know not, only the present can be called our own, Love you Branksome.



JULIA BAILLIE: 1977-1981.
Campbell.

Memories: Cover me kid, 3 years in Sherbourne; "B" aliens; The Bay; the park; the jungle; dinner leaves; Fearsome Foursome: out back; tears and laughter. Good luck to Chris, Robin and Sky; you only have one more year. Special thanx to Sarah and Pam; "Party on" and take care of yourself. Bye Bye.



PETRA BALDIK: 1979-1981.

Scott

Activities: Swim Team. Memories: Swim meets with U.C.C., Newlywed Game, making new friends AE, SB, formals, sunshines with Head, chit chats with EM, squealing round corners with ENAJ, DH, RM, road signs, water-skiing, cold weather, coffees, driving. Thanx B.H. for something different.



VICTORIA E. BASSETT: 1976-77
1978-81.

Ross

Activities: Tennis, Basketball, Baseball, Football, Hockey, Slogan. Memories: Lake Placid . . . Milk-Mac's! Caledon; I don't like Mondays! RX-7 C.C. and Sailing. Boarding, Boo-Bear! Mexico, Queens, Dival? Superpig Trio. Pals: Boo, Bing, Piggly, Andy, C.G., C45, I'll never forget My Little Bunny! "A Leaf Falls, Oneliness." Cummings.



DENISE BEECH: 1979-1981.

MacGregor

Thanks to the people who helped me through 2 years in boarding. Memories: The lowerfield; spares; donuts and coffees; passing of notes to Bindu; behind Ainslie; conversations in S.R.; yearning for wk/nds and holidays and especially thank you to J.M. for keeping my spirits up when times were low.



SUZANNE BEER: 1975-1981.

Scott

President of the Beta Kappa. Memories: The Boy friend, Rout '78, J!, Z-R, UK, France, 50-pound book bags, Scarberia, Marce, Miss VanI, Roz, tea, Annie (of course), The Tenants, 472411, The Long Wait, poStage, LIDS, Katie - year 2000?, always buddy, it's been real.





DANA BETT: 1972-1981.

McLeod

Memories: Junior School; Mimi; Mrs. Hay's trips; Greece; Wendy as a roomie; Senior School; boarding; french fries and cherries; Mr. B., good friends: Pam, Kelton, Wendy, Pill, Randi and Sky. Baskin and Robbins Dufferin; spares; Miss Roach; My memories with my two cousins D.B. and of course Dennis!



KATE BINGHAM: 1977-1981.

Douglas

Alumnae Rep., swim, tennis. Memories: Breaky at Bing's. Caledon with Sigs, Granite affairs and your flying horse Vicks!, overhead lobs, and submarine kicks. Super! - Rob, those John Ball trips, Florida oranges, warm weekends, and country hicks, front row centres and musical mix! "Go west young man and hang loose."



SANDRA BROWN: 1979-1981.

Scott

Memories: Grade 12 spares with J.C. and D.B., Mr. Greenjeans, Family Studies - off, off . . . !, prayers with Fran, and the list goes on . . . "It seems to me a crime that we should age. These fragile times should never slip us by; times you never can or shall erase." E. John. Thanks Branksome. It's been real!



NATALIE BUCHANAN: 1977-1981.

MacLean

Activities: Volleyball, tennis. Memories: "Have you seen my sister?" Florida; vette; car washes; Mr. Sub (Like some Judi?), laryngitis; broken fingers; "That takes time and time is money" Gray, T-Bird (Thanks Mom and Dad), friends. "I hope I realize how much I know now and use it in the future."





ELISABETH H. BURROW: 1979-1981.

Scott

Baseball, music, swimming

Factis non verbis.

By deeds not words

Although I was only at Branksome for two years, I had a great time and learned a lot!

Thanks!



JANET CADE: 1975-1981.

MacGregor

Memories: Jr. School, Lake Placid, Choir, Music Club, L.P. and chair fights, Trident mints, spares in the Lib., piano, Thanks Branksome for 6 excellent years, and a special thanks to teachers and friends. "Happy times are never gone, they are always joys to look back on."



LISA CARROLL: 1975-1981.

Ross

Drama Club Beta Kappa Carrolle, Cac-cyfonix Hi Les . . . Bimm skiing at DG with NV. control! JFA bounce, bounce, bounce. Kressman, I love it. Jokes with Stinse C.R.C. St. George's, surprise parties. New Wave. McDonald's F.F.'s eh Mary? Dancing, singing, parties, and tons of good times avec mes amies! PSST P.C's! Love ya, NV, LC, KM, KHS, MGMKLCB.



PAM CATTRAN: 1979-1981.

McAlpine

Well Branksome my high school years have come to an end. In some ways I am sad, in others overjoyed. I'm going to enter a new field, a new way of living and Branksome has prepared me for both. I will always remember the ledge, #1604, the park, Friday 3:20, Sunday 10, and all the great people I've met!

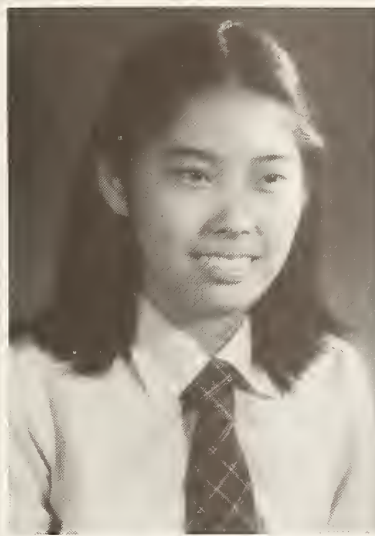




DEBBIE CHAMBERS: 1976-1981.

MacGregor

Choir, Dallas dogs are better! The T.T.C. strikes again! SHIDS, outback, bugging prefects, Gr. 8 trips, tripmunks - I'm chid! mystery meat, CLW, runic. Thanx to Lynn, Jay, Denny for being there. "Isn't it strange how times change. I can't imagine living any other way." - Gary Numan. Thanx Branksome!



PUN CHIU CHEE (ANNIE): 1979-1981.

Ross

Memories: 2 years in boarding, Branksome food, line up for phone, door bell duty (Isn't it fun, Sophia)? Snowball fights with Beatrice and Winnie, Margaret and disco. Bindu: Angele-Antono, Sandy - great philosopher, Bev and Lis in Mrs. Shaver's Physics class, Sky and Chimpanzee. Thanks Branksome!



LESLIE COLE: 1980-1981.

Campbell

Ambition: To become a vet. Waiting for weekends and Wednesdays; F.B.'s and S.M.'s; being the only new girl in gr. 13; gourmet dinners with S.H.: "To eat or not to eat"; Thanks Mom and Dad. Remember: What we get out of life is in direct proportion to what we put into it.



SHEILA COULTER: 1977-1981.

McAlpine

Volley, basket, foot, base:ball teams. Memories: The FLATS; fruit cake; breakfast at Bingham's; weekend jaunts - Caledon, Queen's, cottage, shaving creamed boots; The Straw-Laurie we have all the luck. "ice cream" - MAY; "Down to earth"; muffin; LL's; the gas stop; the party mobile - "This may sound profound but . . ."; Thanks - LSCFVAKJ!



VICKI CRAMER: 1978-1981.

MacLean.

Choir Pres.; any sport, any musical (Mme. Dubonnet-Yellow Bird) New life-style here: change of altitude and attitude; Open Sesame; mustard on cheese; nightly raids; opinion of snow - Yuck! Secret Friend, Days sans sun (I survived!) Thanx Amigos. Favourite Saying: "We live for a good time not a long time."



ELEANORA CUNIETTI: 1974-1981.

McAlpine.

Homework Club, Member of the Bored. Stark Memories I leave behind ("I guess you had to have been there"). But not dear friends who I thank for not being carbon-copy girls. "How come you only want tomorrow with its promise of something hard to do?" - Bowie.



TRACY DALGLISH: 1974-1981.

Campbell.

Grade Nine Prefect.

Memories: JR. School - Mrs. Hay's Trips (Nelson's Hotel); Sr. School Gr. 9 Portables; fainting soldiers Arsenic and Old Lace; Fulford Cup; life-long friends (NEB); N.Y. City Nice 1980. Thanks BHS for all the memorable times. Good luck gr. 9s. "Today is yesterday's tomorrow."



LANNY DAWSON: 1979-1981.

MacLean Clan Chieftain.

Memories: Ski wkends, DVB-BTBW, Ainslie, GCBP, coffee and do-nuts; Cruising, Fridays, Special Friends Gullable - who me? My sense of directions lead to wild adventures . . . "Catch your dreams before they slip away . . ." The Rolling Stones. Inside of me there is an angel I am constantly shocking! Thanx M and D.





MAUREEN DEMPSEY: 1974-1981.

Fraser, McLeod.

Yipee and Yappy, Brigantines, skiing and bowis, Nantoria, Ireland, England and Wales, Tapawingo days, Mooredale Quebec, Ottawa and Washington trips with Mrs. Hay. Living at home, Daniel, Artsy Fartsy, mini skirts, NY NY unforgettable blind dates, 365 and my license too, Cape Cod with Mom, and Picasso Thanks Mom and Dad XO.

BINDU SERINA DENNIS: 1976-1981.

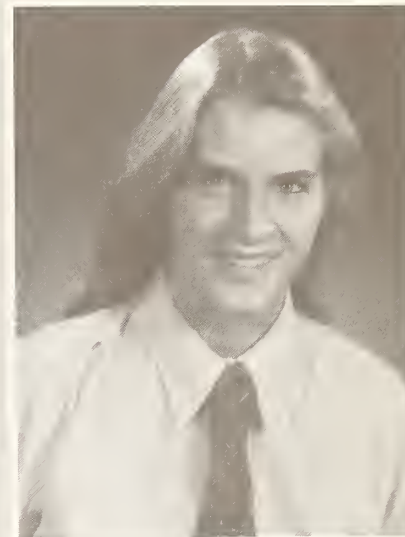
McAlpine.

Basketball, Drama Club, Choir Tears and adjustments Soni; walk diets!; piercing ears and yellow streams, Late nights of laughter; choir trips; falling in and out of pizza, Chinese food; 70 phone calls; KKK protests; crisis; Highs and lows; true friends, you know who you are; I'd do it all over.

PAULA "DEXTER" DOYLE: 1974-1981.

McAlpine.

"Life's perhaps the only riddle we shrink from giving up" WR Benet Thanx for not giving up Mom and Pops. Eileen: This time we will be thin! Thanx and Good Luck. To Recall: Running, granola, KKaty, flunking out, Saturdays, Funks Seeds and encouragement from so many.



ANDREA P.R. DUNCAN; 1967-1981.

Ross-Past Chieftain.

"I'd like to thank my mother for making this moment possible." (?!!) gosh, fooling with format again! Memories: Skipping Gr1 (Acobe-Arg!) Signey (oops!!), J.W., spicebottles, Eunie, singing and Cynthia. 14 yr. excuse: "Sorry, I left my book at home." Ambition: Singer. Prob. Destiny: Page Turner for Miss Brown! XOXO Mattie.



SIGNY C. EATON: 1972-1981.

Ross

Vice-President Drama Club, The RADS; UCC Arts Festival 80; Nuts N Bolts. Hockey; skiing; Bing's après hours club; Andy; Bass; Kate; everyone who made school worth coming to. Thanks Ma, Pa, Hen, JD, Ash, Sher and cheese for being there. "Me I disconnect from you" Gary Newman.



HELEN EL BAROUDI: 1979-1981.

Campbell

Homework Club, Member of the Bored "Pour une fois, J'me sens presque arrivé, Au sommet d'la montagne. J'me tiens tout seul, J'peux marcher, J'peux marcher sans tomber. Même si j'traîne avec moi, Tout mon passé." - Séguin.



ANNE EMONSON: 1976-1981.

MacGregor

Beta Kappa Exec., choir, library. Memories: Concerts; J.A. - car advice; Jamaica - You Know Who; D; Nice; J; The Hunt; V.G. and E.F.; Florida '80; Suzanne words will flow R? Hee! This is either the end of the beginning or the beginning of the end!



VICTORIA EVANS: 1973-1977, 1980-1981.

Scott

Activities: Drama, debating Victory . . . We mean it man! . . . Oh no Sid! 12R17 class presadenté. . . Mods . . . Memories: . . . fake eyelashes. . . whooh . . . Cree . . . pink bunny . . . terrorizing J.S. Yonge and Bloor . . . Wombat!! London calling!!!





SUSAN RAE FARROW: 1975-1981.

Scott: Past Chieftain.

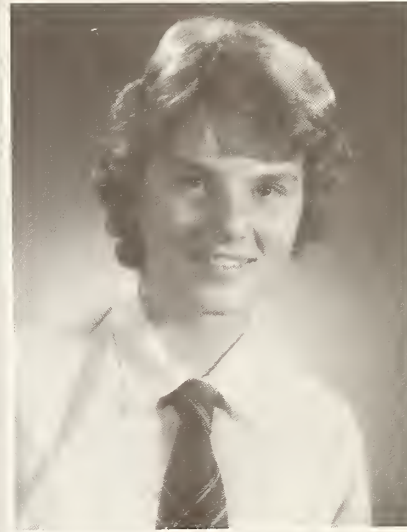
Slogan Editor-in-chief. Prefect. We all laughed - homework club, bored member, Scotties and Angus, Joey and TCW, Five, Stony, Caledon mts., Fruit cake, Bazoo, Lor, She, Mom nature, Hunt for the Hunt, Ice Cream, LL's, Gastop, Tense Tues, flying tart club, Party Mobile "this may sound profound but." Was it good for you? Pax Helen Nite SJ.



MARY-ELLEN FRENCH: 1979-1981.

MacGregor

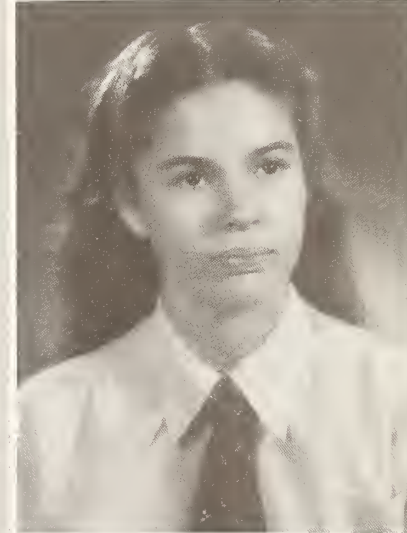
I couldn't have handled this city life without you Bryn. Being Goody #4 was surely an honour for a rex.



JENNIFER GILLESPIE: 1972-1981.

McAlpine

Advertising Editor of Slogan Past, Grade 12 Sports Rep. Memories: Dr. Irwin's office, midnight fire-alarms, pillow fights, Washington, ice-cubes, F.J. EBY, study and S.M. "Those who fall in love often pursue the path of least persistence."



CAROLINE GRAHAM: 1977-1981.

Campbell

Memories: French class and water fountains, pro-nukes, ham and cheese sandwiches, tournies . . . friends. Quote "Not the briefest moment - yours or mine - can ever come again." W. De La Mare.



HELEN GRAHAM: 1974-1976, 1978-1981.
Fraser, Campbell.
Various Residence Councils, Choir,
"Monday morning, sitting in the sun/
Hoping and wishing for the mail to come"
... and every other day of the week as well,
but for all that, Branksome, I do have my
memories and when I've forgotten the letters,
I will remember them: the cave, alarm clocks,
doors...



VICTORIA GRAHAM: 1976-1981.
MacGregor: A member of the B.A.S.C.
Having clan dinners, a wild mother!
Herold and her CAR! Monz! Drama club
busted plants, the B-friend, Dances!
What does Economics mean? French avec
Mme. Menc for 4 yrs! Going through five
years of B.H. to get a long white dress!
Thank you B.H. for making it worth-
while.



CHRISTINE GRANT: 1976-1981.
Ross.
Swim Baseball X-Country Badminton
Memories: Ice cream, Tense Tuesday, ...
You're so vain! Laughter in Algonquin the
gas stop, Lake Placid - Good B.C.'s and milk
eh Stella? Outings: Caledon Queen's, the
airport, BK EALFAT at the beach.
W.Y.H.S. JO! ... and tomorrow we might
not be together. C.S. Thanks Branksome!



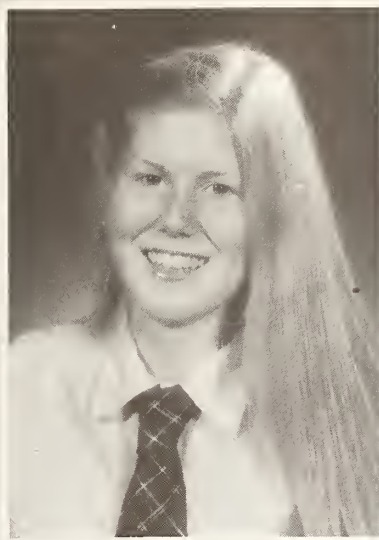
JENNIFER F. GRIFFITHS: 1968-79, 80-81.
MacLean.
"Non les braves gens n'aiment pas que,
on suiives une autre route q'eux."





LAURIE GUNTON: 1974-1981.
MacLean.

Basketball, Hockey, Baseball, FLATS, fruitcake Bazoo ice cream roof Straw, McDonald's, Movie Sheila Our bad luck follows us. Chipmunk face . . . Sue! Shaving cream in boots LL's "special" talks with Sarah MICH DEL driving Nov. 23 PB remember? stinky "and stuff" Sure Helen! Thanks especially to my Mom and FSSCHJMA.



JANET HAHN: 1976-1981.
Scott.

Badminton, Athletics Club, Beta Kappa, Roadie, Cross-Country "A man hears what he wants to hear but disregards the rest" S and G It has been 5 years, all time does is speed up! We must take advantage of what we've been given; we'll never get it again. To puppy and Co. "We live as we dream - alone." J.C.



SUSAN HEROLD: 1975-1981.
MacGregor.

Activities: Vice-pres. of Drama Club. Memories: Gum chewing, shampoo bottle, Abdul, Hart House, Monoter plastacine fights, S.T. and the chocolate bar, the hazards of Donut World GB, JM, BS - Midnight escapades; Miss piggy?! "The past cannot be changed, the future is still in our power!"



TRISH HEWARD: 1976-1981.

Ross, Residence, Montreal! Activities: Tremblant ski bum!! basketball, volleyball, tennis, teams. Past sports' capt. of 10R11. Memories: Early morning practices Faleesh! Champagne and - umm! - Vickee! Lords? AB is the place eh Kells! Past and present roomies, Crescent, Thanks BHS and JMcP, COH, AY, Kells, VB, FN, Skyski, CB - and everyone else!!



BEVERLEY HICKS-LYNE: 1977-1981.
Campbell

Gr. 10 Prefect, Hockey, Badminton, Baseball, UCC Track, ELR 968, KC, LB, MacNeill, Osler, Sailing at LCS, SLeF SAC, Thanks BHS, G and W "PO Sir," Piano Man, Wild and Crazy, KS and surprises on Yonge St. Serial "You're a well dressed one!" Bran muffins, Spiked punch, Steve Martin, Hockey parties? "If you want something go for it."



JANE HORNER: 1974-1981.
McLeod



NANCY HOWSON: 1973-1981.
McAlpine

Almost anything. Memories: Phone calls with Kirsten Munro Graham Hysteria Inc. and lots of other good times and laughs. Quote: If at first you don't succeed don't give up because you will always get what you are after in the end.



HOPE HUMPHREY: 1973-1981.
McLeod - Past Chieftain.

Junior School Liaison, badminton. Memories: Grade 6 oceanwheel just seeing the Hope diamond, friendly Greeks, discussing everything from math quizzes to sociology with JCM, joint birthdays with VG, Mrs. Hulme's grade 11 biology class and prefect rooms. Usually found searching for Senior School announcements.





HEATHER LEA IRVING: 1976-77
1979-81.

Douglas and MacGregor
Tennis, volleyball, choir and Beta Kappa.
Memories: The Beta Kappa Skit classes with the big 'M'; the New York trip; retreats to the Common Room; treasured times with good friends. "None but my friends will have command, upon my time, my heart, my hand." In memory of this year. Special love to my mother.



ELIZABETH JOINER 1976-79, 1980-81.
Campbell

Beta Kappa, England Gr. 11, Formal-mirrors Arts Festival - eh Carolyn? Going-away party - What happened? BLACKEYE NICE - Jean - Fred partying in french with Becky Bahama mama all creatures great and small jeep country. Thanks for the good times and the good friends, Branksome.



SOPHIA LOUISE KELSICK: 1979-1981.
Douglas

Memories: My first snowfall late nights and early morning dancin' to Calypso with Victoria and Nancy, my first seminar in a new class! The Bay each day kept depression away! Parle-ing with 'cousin Wayne' late in the evening, MacNeill's kitchen during spares, diamond-head door duty! Thanks BHS for two great years!



MARY KELTON 1968-1969, 1974-1981.
Scott

Memories: Getting high in spirit, MS Hay's amazing trips, short ties, Ouzo, Feb. 24, 1979. C. dance; nose ouch D.B. always mad, Pam's tuna fish, L.H. and C.A., cast painting, boarding. Finding a friend who's always there. Thanks Wendy. I hope life doesn't go by too fast cause I have a lot to do. Love you always, Mom and Mar.



NANCY KATHERINE MARIAN KNIGHT: 79-81.

MacLean

How can I say so long to the good friends and experiences that I have known at BHS? Thank you for opening my eyes and for helping me to mature enough to face the world on my own. From all-nighters with reg. Wed. night drill to the perennial diet; true friends and roof dancing in (on?) Ainslie. Enjoyable! Adieu . . .



SUSAN LE FEUVRE: 1977-1981.

Campbell: Past Chieftain

Sports Captain, Prefect. Memories: 4 great years of my life. Total pigouts with S.F., Out West '80. I say that's wind-tunnel burn! BHL's green machine! Some nutty gr. 10s at 157 (always)! Fried brownies again! Marathons with S.O. French with B. MacP? Hey Squirt, rem. sydhm? It's been fun, "Keep smiling, it confuses people." Bye.



MICHELLE LEMAN: 1978-1981.

McLeod was m'clan "Chirp"

Class Pres. football track. "The Dreaded Prong" Lunches in boarding "peace" Kate Zim. Escaping with Jay and Don "What if there's a fire drill? M.L. Bindu, KF MP. McHugh and her tomato soup. LG. My twin kells. Visiting Mag and leaving with copious quantities of cookies. "Bored of Ed," "The Donut Queen."



WENDY LEWER: 1972-1981.

Grant and Scott

Memories: Junior School, Hays Trios oxford flings eh Marlowe! Dana as a roomie, OUZO, Pams Tunas, boarding 1st Father-Daughter Dance, LH, mornings in the hall, Dad and Dean who are in my heart always, Mary, who is a special friend. Thanks babe! Love y'all. Bye BHS it's been great.





HEATHER LEWIS: 1979-1981.

Scott

Choir, Drama Club, Tennis etc. Ainslie and MacNeill, CE movies, SH Gwen as MacBeth, snowflake, Piano, French, New York, Drama, Miss Friend's Demos, Open Sesame, Evil Readings, Great Roommates VC, TC, NK and CS. Kitchen Raids "Hooray for Hollywood." Thanks BHS for everything "To strive, to seek, to find and not to yield."



KATHRYN LIPTROTT: 1966-79
1980-81.

MacLean

Debating, Beta Kappa. Miss Sneezepickle, straps, I am an enemy of the state, Changers at the Fiesta, Are you going to the Batt?, pink roses, tea and sympathy Lucy? Bogart, costume - coneheads, sejour in paradise, Rocky's towel, phasing in and out, I love you BHS - je ne sais pas ou je vais, je suis en route.



KATHLEEN MARY-ALICE LUNDON:
1974-1981.

McAlpine clan Grade 12 Prefect.

X-country Basketless/ Volley/ baseball Camp Enterprise eating etc. Eli-Deli-Diner judicious pickled? Getting wide Mon. night icicle tent hair broom Hilda and Zelda Medusa's zap JP and F and S profits Ajax You are confused EMOX VD poliferous, Emil and Co. Brunksume SL and Luke; ag 294 Banff 1980 SB LIDS Columbian? Rhod. Tour shawabty tientiens!



JUDI MacGOWAN: 1976-1981.

MacGregor

Memories: Fashion shows and chairs Ten minute exams, sunshine quizzes Mary Ellen's MGB - Thanx Parties and Monday mornings! Ainslie, Skiing and swimming. Subs, Right Nat? "Sailing takes me away to where I'm going . . . Canvas can do miracles, just you wait and see . . . Soon I will be free . . ." C. Cross.





MARGARET L. MacMILLAN: 1974-1981.
Johnston and MacLean
Assistant Slogan Editor, Kaleidoscope.
Sheila - EP2. Kate, marbles, weird eyes, buns
at Tap. Maureen, snakes and carrots, cherry
graze, gym attic, Lasering, R's 21-24?
Running, winning and dining on Nantoria,
guard for beating the system. Monique
Nozzle. Corn cobbing, 1095 apples a year.
Special thanks to my parents.



SHEILA RAE MacMILLAN: 1974-1981.
Johnston and MacLean
Margy, Maureen, skateboarding, Briggs,
BH (campers, cash register - \$2,000? N.
the D. and fleas square dancing, surprise
16th, beating the system, Florida, Barb,
EPI, Gidget Fiorucci, E.J., New Year's
'80, Nantoria, Colts, sailing across the
Atlantic - mutiny? "Good company on a
journey makes the trip seem shorter."



BRYN MacPHERSON: 1974-1981.
Scott - Johnston Chieftain 1975-6
Head Girl, basketball, volleyball, bad-
minton, past debating exec. Suzie D's sports
editor (Slogan 80) classroom poetry, goody
#3, Fleance's Flying Club, chem. and phys.
wiz, boarding, debat. pains, thin walls, Gr. 7
inmates, malt shop gang, ALL those grade
dinners, noise! waterslide open, social teas,
pleading insanity? 7 great years!!!



EILEEN McCONNELL: 1978-1981.
MacLean
Class Prez 13R2, Beta Kappa Exec. Je suis
malade madame! Bonus aqua, Peanut butter
- "The Big D," Piglets, Arts Festival and
Alan; N.Y. and Ellie: Paris Escape; Surely
I'm not late! Nafty's trio; CURVE! Ajax;
Jazz class - Bryn; Katie you missed the point -
VD; To all my good friends, especially Paula,
God Bless.





CATHERINE McHUGH: 1979-1981.

Douglas

The Homework Club. Chairman of the Bored of Education Members of "The Bored;" Eli, Kate, Sue, Michelle, and Helen. "I just wish people would realize that anything's possible if you try; dreams are made if people try." T. Fox.

JANE MITCHELL: 1978-1981.

MacGregor

Syncro team, Drama Club, Voodoo Man Plastercine Fights, Donuts Diets, California Heads late again, grape fights with Bobo Bye PI Rebel. If you have something very dear to you, love it as much as you can, because before you know it, that something could disappear from you never to be seen again.

JANE MOES: 1972-1981.

Fraser Past Chieftain, Ross

Drama Past Pres., debating, Fre. Club Past Co-Pres.; Extramural Sports/deranged pseudo-painter-people on stage after 12 p.m.; gray-haired Passacaglias disturbing grey-haired Frans' customers; chicken soup excursions to UCC; TCS a blind date and one debate; and bed bugs in Olympia in 10 yrs. They'll burn me at the stake.



LISA MOLLE: 1973-1981.

Douglas, Past Grant Clan Chieftain

Ainslie House Liaison. Memories: Innumerable! Becoming a boarder, the cave, phew and stink, The Pedros Trig and Roy, du, dustbin, melba toast and Marg, Mitzi, Being allergic to mornings, Between Friends, Pray for a fluke! Being feminine during study, Bofux, and having Pam make it all more than worthwhile!





SARAH MOORE 1979-1981
MacGregor

A special thanks to Julia and Pam for making these years great. Take care, as always, Love Sarah. "So if you think your life is complete confusion, 'cause your neighbours got it made, just remember that it's all a grand illusion. And deep inside we're all the same." P.S. Special thanks to Caird.



PAMELA MOORHOUSE 1979-1981
Scott

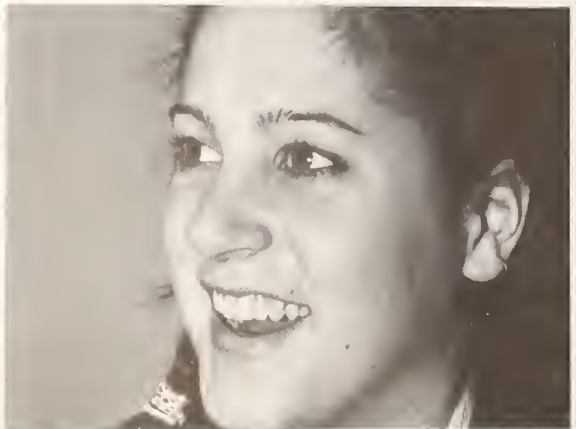


ANDREA LEE MORI 1970-1981
Campbell, Grant Sub-chieftain
Drama Nickname: Big A, Moron. Memories: From Junior School to Senior School from Bucc. to MacNeill, trips QOW, NY, horse-back riding, 3 letter word french classes SAC raids, Miss Mori, WW, Mrs. C and Mr. C. I could go on forever. I'll miss you all. P.S. A decade of Branksome is enough for anyone! Bye.



KIRSTEN MUNRO 1975-1981
McLeod

Slogan Literary Ed., choir, past debating head, Opheleo. Memories: Chasing after people for their write-ups; the great (?) badminton tournament; Glenrose; Metro Finals (eek); Deep River and the vicious attack on teddy; CANDU pronukes! "She was a good student as students go, and as students go, she went!"





HEIDI NEWTON 1978-1981

MacGregor

X-country, swim team, track, sittings! Donut World battles, Hello Sim? nightly noices with wyno, Are U a new girl? PJ party at Do. World, Look who's dressed for the Lib, fire drills and "munch" crying, super exellent and perfects, great friends, thanx BHS for the time and to MD making it possible, my special elephant . . .



WINNIE NG 1979-1981

Scott

Sherbourne, MacNeill, scool-very meaningful. My Favouirites: Karen, my Secret Santa. Sloane, my dear friend in French. Betherly, because of a piece of gum. Sky, (Sunny Teen) saying winning. Thanks to my friends, staff, teachers. "This paper may crumble, the ink some day fade . . . But, never the memories of you I have made."



ZENOBIA OMARALI 1975-1981

McAlpine

Activities: Opheleo and Library

Four things come not back:

The spoken word,

The sped arrow,

Time past

And the neglected opportunity.

Omar Ibn

And a special thanks to my parents.



SARAH ONDAATJE 1971-1981

McLeod

The Branksome Hall Cookbook

Slogan Editor, x-country, track marathons.

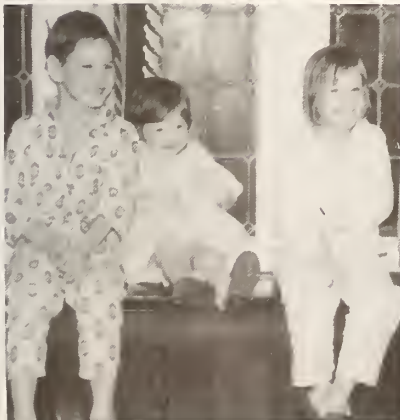
Hic est terra, illic est aqua, volo osculum

choir with Kate. Wining and dining and

Margy, Sheila, Vicky, Fiona. I can't

remember how it goes but it has something to

do with the sprint at the end. MBTDTT





AMANDA JILL PALMER: 1973-1981.
Campbell (Robertson Chieftain 76).
Prefect-Student Library Head Past Antics:
General roof-raising, Kaleidoscope co-
instigator editor, Ellie's Deli, getting wide, F
and S, kontemperous pauliferous judicious
pickle; What's my logo? Brass Tax, The
Goodies Four, fleeing, skiing, I and S cream
toga! The Del, teins 1-a vibes, witch of the
manless plain.



CLARE PALMER: 1975-1981.
Douglas.
"I want to live and make the best of what
I see." N. Young.
Thanks for the experience. "But perhaps
I'll see you the next quiet place I furl my
sails." D. Crosby.
P.S. Sinun Kieli on märkä.



SUSAN RIDEOUT: 1977-1981.
McLeod.
Ophelio, Library "Now and then/there is a
person born/who is so unlucky/that he runs
into accidents/which started out to hap-
pen/to somebody else." Don Marquis
"Cheer up, the worst is yet to come."
Johnson.



FIONA AMARYLLISS SAMPSON
1966-1981.
MacLean.
Suspenders. BHS Bird Club, The FLATS;
Stella and Rosana, delirious week nights,
sailing, skiing and Heather. Breakfast at the
beach, last minute formals, good grins. Red
ties. "That's the way I've always heard it
should be." C.S. MBTSJAH.





LAURIE (SANDY) SANDERSON
1979-1981.

MacLean.

Ainslie roommates (including Sky), Nancy(s), tears, laughter, hard work, diets, Sat's, drama, long-distance phone calls, Mrs. G. (for "bending"), the city, uniforms, prayers, "no jeans," Mrs. J. and more - you are all part of me. Branksome, you have been an experience and I thank you.



KATHLEEN SLATER: 1974-1981.

Douglas Past-chieftain.

Head of Opheleo. Memories: "Getting it together in 7R10," best buddies esp. J.H. and bunny, E.J., mistaken identity, eh Bec? The Blind Date, nice try, Jane, Donuts, black coats, cramming and SPARES! "Today, well lived, makes every yesterday a dream of happiness, and every tomorrow a vision of hope." From the Sanskrit.



CATHY STEVENSON: 1974-1981.

Ross.

Memories: California plates, Roger, Pierre, "... It all seems so strange. This train is just too fast. It never stops you know. Unless you get off" peanut butter syndrome, Wed nights, eh KULTA? SAC, R.H.P.S. Give yourself over. Bananas and good friends. Thanx Jack. P.S. Shetland ponies have ear lobes too.



CATHERINE STEWART: 1976-1981.

Douglas.

From Mainhouse which no longer exists to MacNeill. Watching and growing with Branksome. From Andrea McKay to Laura Wilson to Head. Tennis early in the morning and after school, ski trips, Lake Placid, soccer games, nightly exercises, New York "Hay Willie" Thanks BHS. Thanks Mom and Dad.



KATHERINE STEWART: 1976-1981.

Douglas.

Swim team, badminton, debating, drama, Beta Kappa, Playfair, Fulford Cup, Sorry wrong no. "tea" LP and chair fights! John Wayne ALH Formals JA car talks sprained ankle parties Yes, there are two Katherine Stewarts! teetertotters, buses and subways. A RAD for a locker partner! "A true blue "weekends." Thanks!



IRIS SUKHERA: 1977-1981.

McAlpine.

Activities: As few as possible Life is never as good or bad as it seems to be at the time: one day we will all look back at this and scream (with laughter?) Advice: Mutate now and avoid the post-bomb rush...



SUSAN TAYLOR: 1977-1981.

Scott.

Activities: Drama Club, Cabaret, Showcase 79. Memories: This math is too hard for grade 9. MacNeill House initiation on the last night. Dances, boy friends from St. George's, UCC and St. Andrew's, friends. If you are at the end of your rope and can't carry on, tie a knot and hang on.



SUZANNE TORO: 1974-1981.

Johnston and MacGregor.

Drama Club, past choir president of Junior and Senior schools, Sherbourne rep. and grade 11 Prefect.

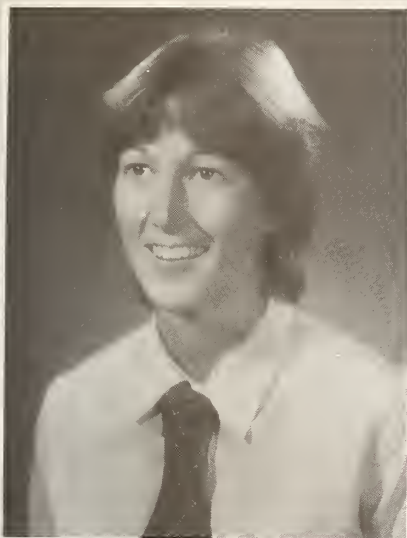
Giving in is no defeat.

Passing on is no retreat.

Selves are made to rise above.

You shall live in what you love.





JANE TYNER: 1979-1981.
Campbell.

Swim team, Ainslie and class Pres. Tyno, discussions with the donut queen, waterslide open, living with the fox, FB's, SM's and being a HB, Love and appreciation to my parents for making this valued experience possible; you only live once but if you live right once is enough.



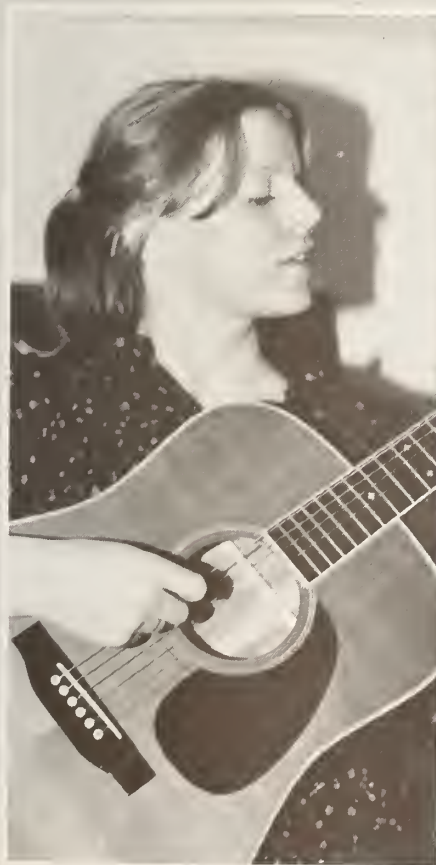
REBECCA UPJOHN: 1976-1981.
Scott.

Memories: Unlimited! Special love to my parents who have given me some insight into what life is all about. Ambition: To be a rock star, retire at 29, move to Australia and run a cattle ranch. "What lies behind us and what lies before us are tiny matters compared to what lies within us."



JACYN WADE: 1978-1981.
Campbell.

The Cave LG LB DW ML DB DC ET AL BHS on the ceiling Donut World - everyday?! Climbing over the gate Chirp! Here's to Baie James! Thank for the best friends around "So you tell me that you find it hard to grow well I know, I know, I know" I'm going to make it. Luv Jay.



ANDREA WHITEACRE: 1976-1981.
Douglas.

Activities: Past swim team and synchro club captain, gymnastics, Drama, Cabaret, Showcase 79, "The Boyfriend", Ophelco, Music Club, and of course the legendary RADS!! Thanks Branksome for five simply "Amazing" years. I want to dance through life and make my illusions real . . .



KATE WILEY: 1974-1981.

McAlpine

Intramurals Prefect Past Bruce Clan Chieftain Intra and Inter School Sports: X-Country Track, Swimming. Attempting debating. Rolling marbles in class - Margy? Miss Howey and cinnamon hearts 8r7 "enter at own risk." Pinned up kilt and shirt always hanging out Elli's Deli Diners - pigouts! lacta alea est.



LAURA WILSON: 1977-1981.

Douglas

Choir, Drama Club. Memories of Branksome are; Should I call Bruce tonight? SAC panty raid, Miss Mori, Acw, c'mon Cathy pizza won't make you fat. Choir trip ghost stories, New York trip, Hey Willie. Docudrama. My many good friends, Cathy, Andrea, Marg, Angele, Mary, Heather, Bindu, Benny. "Nothing can be made out of nothing."



CAROLYN WOOLFORD: 1976-1981.

Ross

Memories: Fiesta, 280 Zandcreme, jeep safaris, surprise parties, frozen make-up and cheesecake, sinking ships and islands in the sun with San. "Summer time dreams beckons to my soul; the chanel you have marked out for me runs deep and wide but one never knows just how the ship will roll nor which way the wind blows."

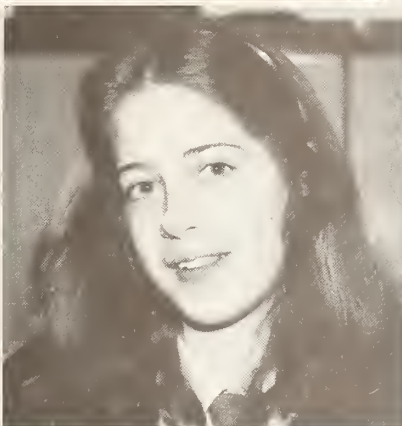


MARTHA YANEFF: 1978-1981.

Scott

"To be what we are and to become what we are capable of becoming - THAT is the aim of life."





ANNE YENDELL: 1977-1981.

Douglas

Drama debating, Beta Kappa Opheleo. Where's his horse? Rigoletto and geisha rebel, Batts are detrimental to the Fulford, All creatures great and woolly, 280Z, I survived sturgeon pt. more magic! tea and sympathy, Peg Abbey Dear, the eyes of Peter Pan, côte d'azur, a heritic archbishop, champers-fiesta, Gordon - my friend.



KATE ZIMMERMAN: 1978-1981.

Campbell

Homework Club, Members of the Bored Education is an admirable thing. But it is well to remember from time to time that nothing that is worth knowing can be taught. - Oscar Wilde. (Except by Mrs. Roe) (Good-bye Anne). After man there will be cats, so what's the use.



Back Row, Grade 8: Kara Hamilton, Mary Inksater, Jennifer Kitchen (Sub-Chieftain), Gillian Dinning, Amy Hathaway, Anna Tyacke, Carol Tinmouth, Maureen McMath, Pat Fleining, Sabrina Mitchell, Marina Adshade, Mary Coleman. Fourth Row, Grade 7: Alex Wright, Melissa Hall, Daphne King, Seana Massey, Andra Freiberg, Robin Richardson, Heather Manley, Lindsey Shaw, Lisa Korthalls, Jenny Brian, Emily Long, Gigi Hull, Randa Hassaan, Elizabeth Wood, Sarah Wright (Chieftain). Third Row, Grade 6: Tracy Montgomery, Brigitte Kopas, Mary MacClenaghan. Grade 5: Laura Murray, Jennifer Kells, Sally Oughtred. Second Row, Grade 4: Yasmin Abdullah, Allison Kovas, Sheila McRae. Grade 3: Sarah Hull, Jessica Boldberg, Mandy Hopkins. Front Row, Grades 1 and 2: Jessica Joss, Eva Berka, Alison Borrajo. Absent, Grade 6: Kathy Wood.

By seeing the participation in clan games this year we can say that spirited and enthusiastic best describe Bruce. Our great clan mascot helped to keep our spirit up along with cheers made by some of our clan members. We may not have won every game we played but we had the most people attending our games, and that is the most important thing. Bruce has done well this year and hopefully, with the enthusiasm of the upcoming grade eights, it will do even better next year. We're on the loose - watch out for Bruce!

Chieftain: Sarah Wright

Sub-Chieftain: Jennifer Kitchen





This year Duncan got off to a great start by placing first in the clan soccer. The turnout for the basketball games was really encouraging. All clan members seem to be really enjoying the various clan activities and we would like to thank them for their effort and participation. A special thank you to our clan mothers, Mrs. Chilton and Miss MacKenzie for their continuous support. Keep up the good work, Duncan.

Chieftain: Leslie Fleming

Sub-Chieftain: Mary Moffatt

Back Row, Grade 8: Kim Dalglish, Corinne Strassman, Vincenza D'Antoni, Liane Kennedy, Patricia Strangway, Rachel Sutherland, Carol Hood, Ainsley Moore, Jennifer Anderson, Mary MacLachlan, Christine Vander Dussen, Mary Moffatt (Sub-Chieftain). Fourth Row, Grade 7: Adrianne Brown, Nicky Szebeny, Monica Moles, Gillian Frise, Hayley AvRuskin, Andrea Dorfman, Shawna Cass, Joyce Kite, Elizabeth Allingham, Stacey Hervey, Ulle Trass, Lee Nienkamper, Sloan Mauran, Leslie Fleming (Chieftain). Third Row, Grade 6: Stephanie Carter, Michelle Joseph. Grade 5: Jane Taylor, Jennifer Booth, Samantha MacDonnell, Donna Lyons. Second Row, Grade 4: Vanessa AvRuskin, Andrea Green. Grade 3: Jenny Kerbel, Wendy Tidy. Front Row, Grade 2: Gillian AvRuskin. Grade 1: Jenny Burgess, Catherine Kernaghan. Absent, Grade 7: Tammy Long. Grade 4: Alana Copps.





Back Row, Grade 8: Pam Snively, Mary Wright (Sub-Chieftain), Kim Robbins, Kathy Watt, Margaret-Anne MacDonald, Janice Franklin, Heather Kay, Helga Sannenberg, Jackie Currie, Vanessa Steinmetz, Cathy Tripis. Fourth Row, Grade 7: Martha Henderson, Angela Van Straybenzee, Shelagh Sturtridge, Carol Cameron, Jackie Allard, Lisa Holzwarth, Jennifer Law, Becky Moore, Miranda DePencier, Christina Zeidler, Moira Cameron, Dana Warren (Chieftain). Third Row, Grade 6: Chandra Corriveau, Anna-Christina Carlson, Stephanie Beamish, Heather Gellatly, Amy Meekison. Grade 5: Sarah Garrow, Pippa Aird, Amy Davis, Margot Humphrey. Second Row, Grade 4: Carrie O'Neill, Michelle McMurray, Stephanie Florian. Grade 3: Sam McLaren, Sacha Powell, Sarah Woolford. Front Row, Grade 2: Martha Blakely. Grade 1: Jennifer Commins, Becky Kinton. Absent, Grade 8: Kay McCutcheon. Grade 6: Heather Cartwright.

Fraserites, we were pleased with your enthusiasm this year. For the first year, Branksome had soccer. Fraser played really well and showed promise of it being one of our best sports in years to come. With the help of the Fraser clan, we finally named our mascot - Benjamin St. Fraser. Also it was great to have our fantastic clan mothers down to almost all of our clan games. Thanks for a great year and remember we'll make the top in record time because Fraser is fantastic.

Chieftain: Dana Warren

Sub-Chieftain: Mary Wright





Grant did really well this year. We sure showed our spirit and enthusiasm. Thanks to everyone, especially to those who came down to our games and activities. Both Adrienne and I would like to thank you for making this year a great one for us. We wish you the best of luck next year and the years to come. Have fun and don't forget to stand fast.

Chieftain: Jennifer Cunietti

Sub-Chieftain: Adrienne Grant

Back Row, Grade 8: Laura El Baroudi, Debbie Edney, Sarah Eyton, Heather O'Connor, Jennifer Hinder, Jenny Wilson, Susan Van Wynen, Jane Hendrick, Adrienne Grant (Sub-Chieftain), Linton Carter, Ruhi Sharna. Fourth Row, Grade 7: Deedee Poulton, Jacqueline Sanz, Gina Smith, Katie Cheeseman, Colleen Silver, Bridget Horne, Valerie Helbronner, M.J. Peirce, Leslie Hinder, Susan Hanley, Christy Dyba, Ruth Hughes, Jennifer Cunietti (Chieftain). Third Row, Grade 6: Jenay Karsh, Nasim Mawji, Lorna Wilson, Alyson Wilson, Avery Bassett. Grade 5: Joanna Sherman, Catherine Moore, Deirdre Hughes, Toby Waxman. Second Row, Grade 4: Jill Kirchmann, Alexandra Bramson, Tracy Dyba, Lee Sweitzer, Barbie O'Connor. Grade 3: Alexandra Birnie. Front Row, Grade 2: Wendy Bennett, Samantha Bramson. Grade 1: Nicky Hawke. Absent, Grade 5: Caroline Shier. Grade 1: Lisa Le Francois.





Back Row, Grade 8: Alison Fox, Katherine Weatherhill, Yu-Pin Khoo, Lynda Johnson, Emily Steed, Karen Bancroft, Daphne Armstrong, Nancy Ross, Kim Foley, Alison Worley (Sub-Chieftain). Fourth Row, Grade 7: Christina Meynell, Desiree Schroer, Samantha Seagram, Vicki Thomson, Jane Lockhart, Danielle Perron, Aldine Belsham, Wendy Gibson, Jodi Allen, Sarah Hennessy, Heather Gray, Deborah Ramdhar, Jill McGavin, Alison Dalglish (Chieftain). Third Row, Grade 5: Jennifer Kellie, Mairi-Ann Padmore, Alexis Thomson. Grade 6: Elizabeth Sharf, Janet Richardson, Cathy Matthews, Namrita Kohli, Kyn Korinek. Second Row, Grade 4: Michelle Fortnum, Amanda Russell, Angela Tomlinson. Grade 3: Kerry Walsh, Anna Bentley-Taylor. First Row, Grade 2: Bronwen Gush. Grade 1: Sarah Kellie, Natalie Munk. Absent, Grade 8: Kristin MacPherson, Kathleen Ruttan. Grade 5: Jennifer Griffiths. Grade 3: Fiona Griffiths.

The Johnston clan had a very successful year. All of our clan members showed a great deal of enthusiasm and spirit in all our clan activities which made us a fighting team. Our many athletes put forth their best efforts to preserve the true meaning of our motto "We're never unprepared." Even those Johnstonites who were not so good at sports still had fun, participated and tried hard so that they, too, became great players. It was truly enjoyable to lead a great team like you, Johnston.

Chieftain: Alison Dalglish

Sub-Chieftain: Alison Whorley





This year the spirit of Robertson has been outstanding. We placed high in many clan activities. But what is even more important, we had large turnouts. The good athletes, as well as the Robertsonites with little knowledge of the activities, showed great participation and later proved to be stars. This year has been lots of fun. Thanks to all clan members for making Robertson number one.

Chieftain: Cindy Mitchell

Sub-Chieftain: Cathy Mills

Back Row, Grade 8: Heather Adam, Amanda Kirkland, Taia Tarvainen, Shuna Baird, Shannon McCarthy, Lisa Clark, Stephanie Buchanan, Celia McDougall, Martha Morden, Jenny Patchett, Mary-Anne Rapanos, Cathy Mills (Sub-Chieftain). Fourth Row, Grade 7: Lisa Gelinas, Heather MacDermott, Christina Volgyesi, Alicia Vogl, Eleanor Dingle, Janet Anthony, Vivi Floros, Sam Sharpe, Laura Tweedy, Fiona Baird, Karilyn Taylor, Brandy Stark, Cindy Mitchell (Chieftain). Third Row, Grade 6: Lisa Brown, Anne Roe, Lisa Hogg, Adrienne Soles, Katie MacNaughton, Becky Adamson. Grade 5: Jana Whitworth, Louise Blundell, Gigi Worts. Second Row, Grade 4: Alana Smith, Allison Andrus, Lynda Wulkan. Grade 3: Ekaterina Velikov, Andalieb Williamson. Front Row, Grade 2: Alison Smith, Lisa Tweedy. Grade 1: Sasha Velikov, Lisa Issenber.

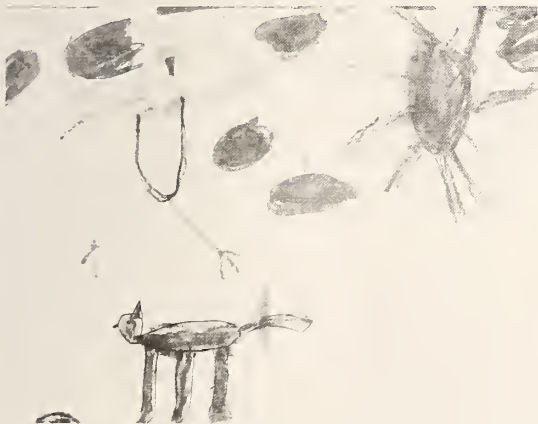




GRADE EIGHT GRADS



Top Row: Amy Greyson, Anthony Pavel, Charles Kovas, Peter Kovas, Philipp Graf. *3rd Row:* Miss Seixas, Carolyn Lang, Jeanette Seymour, Mrs. Upjohn. *2nd Row:* Cynthia Eldridge, Andrew Benitz, Allie Ortved, Ashley Elder, Christina Farkas, Sarah Scarlett. *Bottom Row:* Jennifer Hyatt, Tina Del Grande, John Sedgwick, Margot Leggett, Ellie Hawke, Verena Graff, Cheyne Munk, Michelle Giroux, Alexis Marley.



KINDERGARTEN

Drawings by: Yana Le Francois, age 5
Christina Farkas, age 5

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To be in health is the best thing;
the next best, to be of form and
nature beautiful; the third, to enjoy
wealth gotten without fraud; and
the fourth, to be in youth's bloom
among friends.



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yesterday will be the
starting point of
tomorrow.”**

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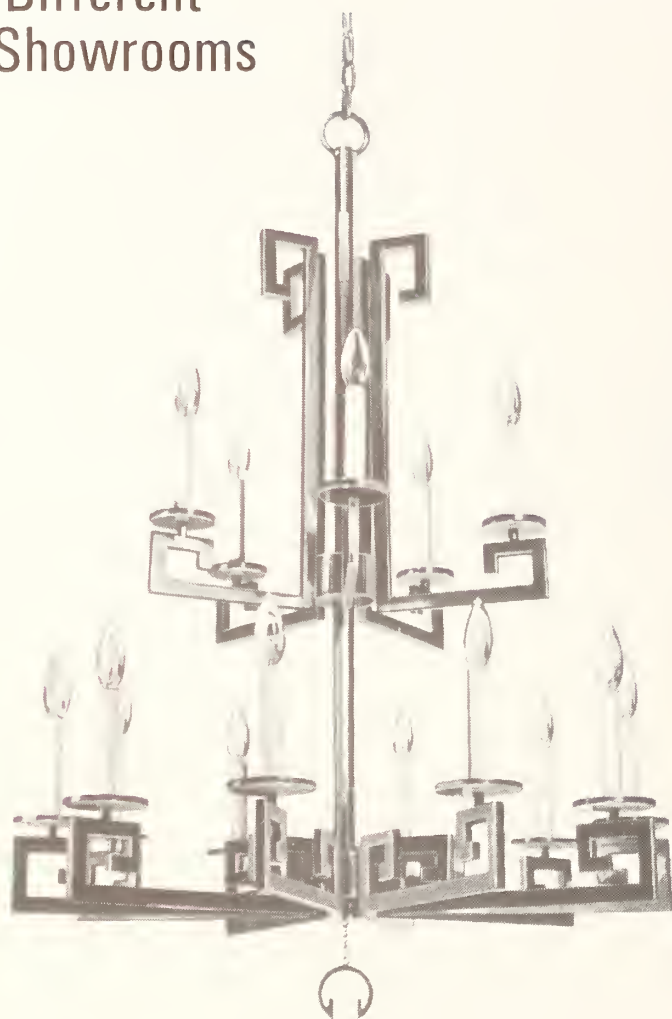
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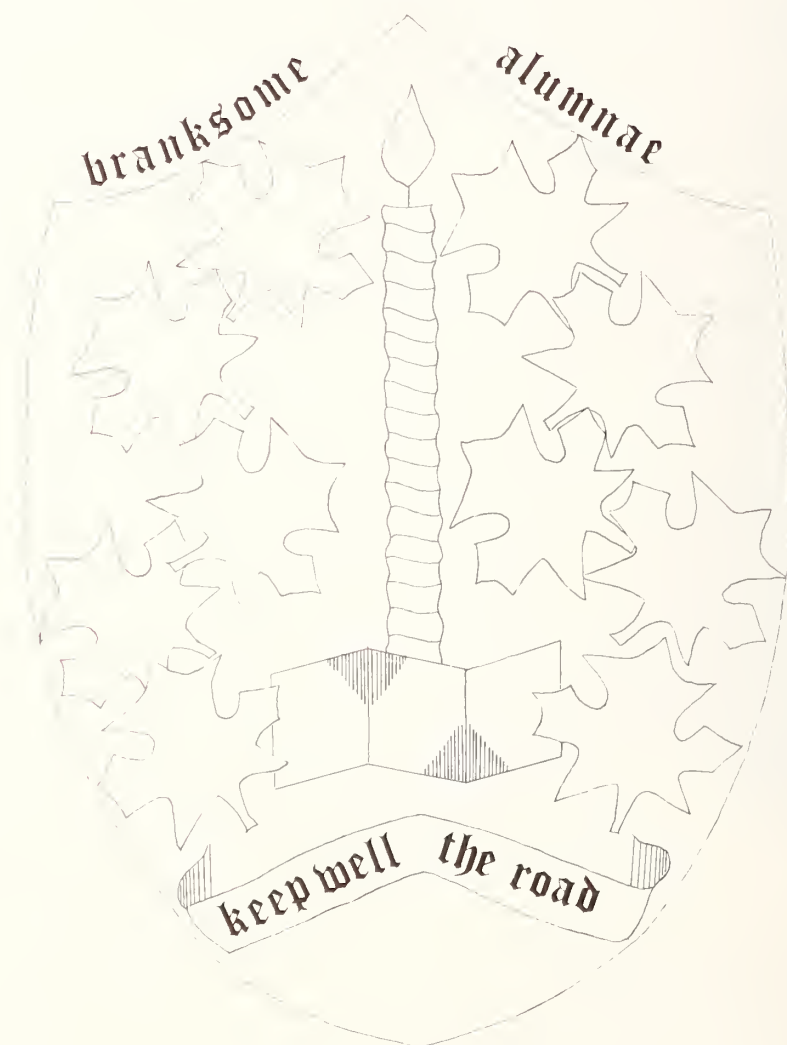
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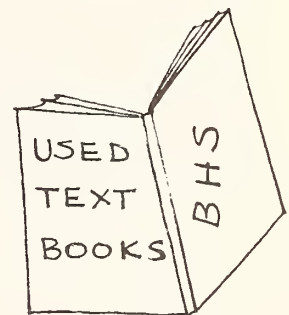
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